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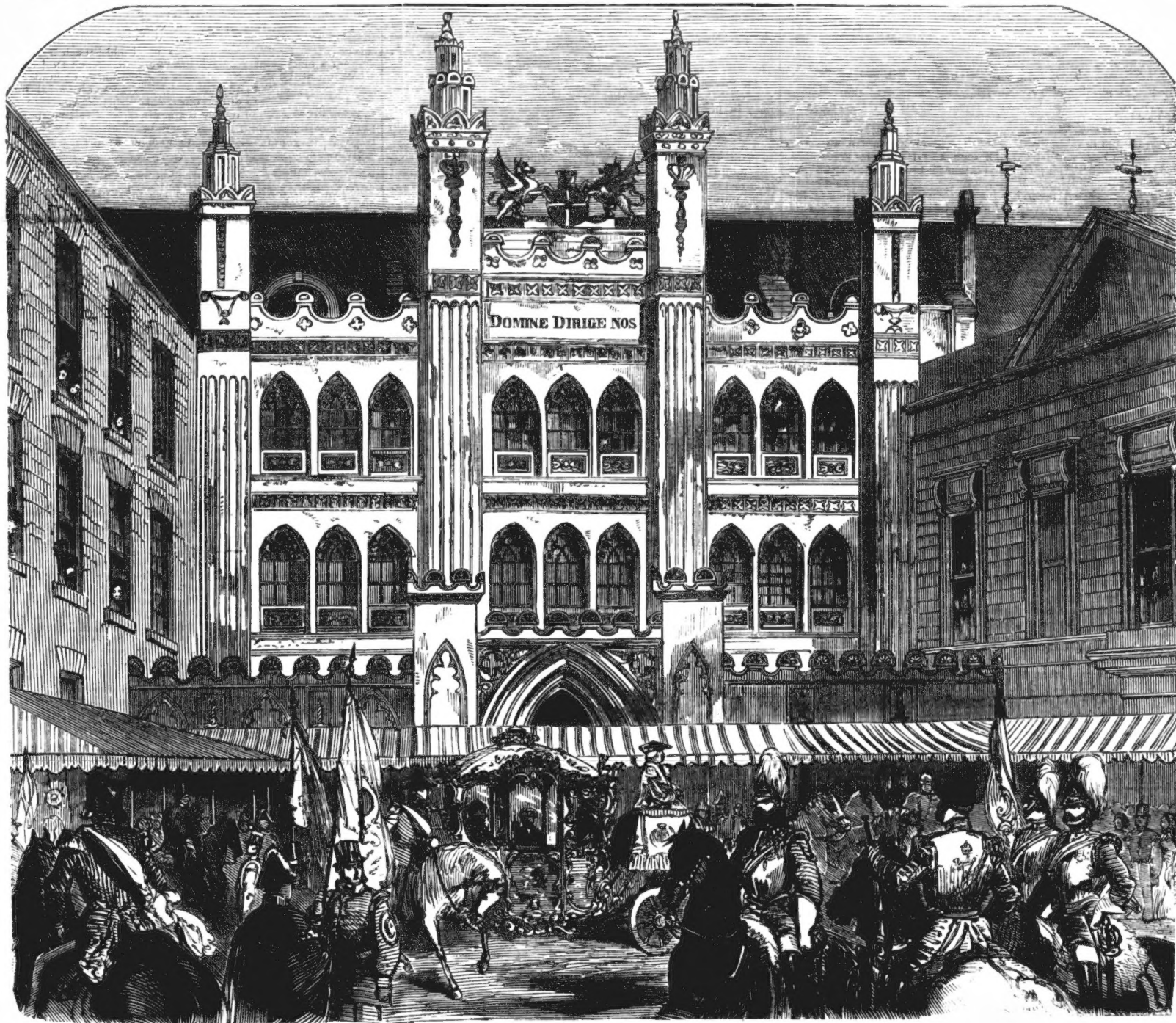
LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

ONE PENNY.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MAJORITY.

THE thousands of persons who on Monday might visited the West-end of London with the idea of seeing something extraordinary in the way of illuminations were greatly disappointed. The leading thoroughfares—such as Pall-mall, St. James's-street, Regent-street, the Haymarket, &c., usually on these occasions one blaze of light—were almost in their usual state, the illuminations being few in number and entirely confined to the tradesmen immediately connected with the Court. The club-houses, without one exception, exhibited their usual gloomy state at this season of the year, not another light of any description being visible. There were but eight tradesmen in Pall-mall from Trafalgar-square to St. James's Palace, and but six in St. James's-street, who had illuminated, and

these only with a plain star, one or two having in addition the initials of "P.W." The streets above-named and those adjacent were crowded with pedestrians and vehicles, and much surprise and disappointment was expressed at the paucity of the illuminations. Between sixty and seventy of the Court tradesmen dined together at the St. James's Hall. Mr. Graves, of Pall-mall, presided, and Mr. Melton, of Regent-street, was in the vice-chair. The coming of age of the heir apparent was celebrated by the inhabitants of the royal borough of Windsor, with every demonstration of loyalty and respect although, agreeably to the wishes of her Majesty that all rejoicings connected with the Court should be dispensed with for twelve months from the death of the Prince Consort, the customary ringing of the Castle bells and firing of the royal salute by the Castle bombardier did not take place. The in-



LORD MAYOR'S DAY--EXTERIOR OF THE GUILDHALL, LONDON. (See page 84.)

habitants, on learning that it would not be distasteful to the Queen to give expression to their loyalty on this important event, caused a salute of 101 guns to be fired in the Bachelors' Acre, their houses to be decorated with a profusion of flags and banners, bearing various appropriate devices, and merry peals to be rung from the parish church of St. John throughout the day, and then brilliantly illuminated their houses in the evening.

The troops stationed at Aldershot celebrated the event by firing a *feu de joie* in honour of the occasion. The division turned out at eleven o'clock in review order, and proceeded in the direction of the Long Valley, apparently with the intention of forming up there; they halted, however, on Burn's plain, as the valley, owing to the recent rains, presented a sea of mud, precluding the possibility of military movements.

At Oxford the event was celebrated by the ringing of the various bells on Sunday and Monday.

At Cambridge the coming of age of his royal highness was observed throughout the day by firing and joy-peals on the bells of the principal churches.

MR. EDWIN JAMES IN NEW YORK.

A NEW YORK LETTER has the following:—

"Last night I attended a meeting where Edwin James was trotted out to declare that he was for slavery. It was a stiff dose for his political friends to swallow. Mr. James will get out his papers, and next year will be elected for Congress. His speech was extremely amusing. Mr. James said:—I have taken out my papers. I am not a member of any party yet. I desire as an inchoate citizen to explain my opinion. I doubt almost at this time whether I tread the free soil of America—whether I breathe the free air of the American continent—when I see the trial by jury denied, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, when I see persons immured, and it is declared that the employment of impartial counsel will aggravate their offence—when I see these things going on I must doubt I am breathing the free air of America. It was hardly possible to believe that a man could be here arrested by telegraph and without authority—it was things like these that destroyed every notion which a European had of liberty in the United States. I was amused when, the other day, a gentleman came to me—he was a *lie*, and as I do not get many of them at present, I remember him very well—and I said, 'What has been the matter with you?' He said, 'I have been in Fort M'Henry for two months.' 'What did you go there for?' 'I do not know; I was arrested by telegraph.' (Laughter.) 'How did you get out?' 'I don't know—I got out by telegraph.' (Laughter.) 'Where are you going now?' 'I suppose they will give me a little change, and I will go to Fort Lafayette.' (Laughter.) There was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous us. When he had read in a city paper a most solemn recommendation—though he supposed it was a joke—that the ex-Mayor of this city and Horace Greeley should be set to Fort Lafayette, and that they should play backgammon together, it struck him that it might have been better said black gammon. Not that he would insinuate that the gentleman had been back-gammoning the blacks."

THE SANDYFORD MURDER.

On Friday morning, November 7th, the governor of the Glasgow Prison received the following communication regarding Mrs. M'Lachlan:—"Crown-office, Edinburgh, November 6, 1862.—Sir, I beg to inform you that I have received her Majesty's conditional pardon in favour of Jessie M'Intosh or M'Lachlan, who was, at Circuit Court of Justiciary, holden at Glasgow in September, 1862, convicted of murder and sentenced to death for the same, pardoning the said Jessie M'Intosh or M'Lachlan of the said crime and sentence passed upon her for the same, upon condition of her being kept in penal servitude for the term of her natural life. I have, therefore, to request that you intimate such conditional pardon to the said Jessie M'Intosh or M'Lachlan, and acknowledge receipt of this letter.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant, (Signed) And. Murray, Crown Agent." Upon receiving the above communication, the governor at once proceeded to the convict's cell, where, in the presence of Bailiffs Gray and Brown, and Mr. A. Young, clerk to the Prison Board, he read to her her final sentence. The convict received the intelligence with great composure, but seemed somewhat disappointed at the decision. The latter part of the letter was read to her twice before she seemed properly to comprehend its full meaning. The only remark she made was, "Then am I to be kept in gaol a my days?" The convict will probably be removed to Perth Penitentiary in the course of a few days, that being the prison assigned for all Scotch convicts sentenced to penal servitude for life.

MURDER IN FRANCE.

The *Yeu-e* of Auxerre gives the following account of a murder and highway robbery committed within a league of that town. As M. Borna, a miller, residing in Preully, was going to Auxerre in his cart soon after day break, he saw a man by the wayside apparently dead. On approaching nearer, however, he found that the man still breathed, but was almost at his last gasp, and had been attacked and robbed. The miller immediately sent his servant to fetch assistance from the nearest house and to give notice to the police, but the poor man died meanwhile without being able to utter a word. Near him lay a thick stake, with which the crime had evidently been committed, and all his pockets had been turned inside out. From papers found scattered about, the deceased was identified as a vine grower of Mige, named Couillaux, who had been to Paris on the previous day to sell a considerable quantity of wine, for which he had been paid in cash. He arrived at Auxerre at three in the morning, and had started thence with the intention of walking to Mige. As the deceased was very communicative, and apt to talk of his private affairs in public-houses, it is supposed that he was followed from Paris by some person who had learned his business there, and had resolved to murder and rob him. The same journal also records another murder committed at Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, in the same department. The murderer was a vine-grower, named Perdant, who, going home intoxicated, struck his wife with a chair, and broke her collar-bone. His son, a soldier, on finding out, having entered the house a few minutes after, reproached his father for his shameful conduct. The latter was so incensed by this interference that he seized a sword which hung against the wall, and plunged it into the young man's abdomen, inflicting a wound which terminated in death the next morning. The murderer was at once secured by the neighbours, and handed over to the police.

The Marquis of Breadalbane, whose health has for some time been reported as in a weak state, died at Lausanne, in Switzerland, in his sixty-sixth year. His lordship was a Whig in politics, and was for some time Lord Chamberlain. He was also Lord-Lieutenant of Argyllshire. In 1813 he entertained the Queen on the first of her many visits to Scotland, at his princely residence of Taymouth Castle. His lordship was married to a sister of the present Earl of Haddington; but he leaves no issue, and his title and estate go to a distant relative.

ISAAC HOWARD, the sexton of St. Philip's burial-ground, Sheffield, whose house was burnt down by the people during the recent riots, has obtained 20*l.* from the hundred of Cretford and Tickhill as compensation for the loss he sustained.

Notes of the Week.

A FATAL accident took place on Saturday at the Great Western Railway Station, Paddington, by the bursting of a boiler. It appears that three men, two of whom were named James Thomas and Stephen Bishop, were pursuing their ordinary business in the engine-house. From some cause the boiler of the engine named *Perseus* suddenly burst, and killed the two men, Thomas and Bishop. The explosion was of so forcible a nature as to blow off a great part of the roof of the engine house. The engine itself was soon discovered to be a complete wreck, and a piece of the boiler, weighing fifteen cwt., was thrown to a distance of 150 yards from the scene of the accident.

An inquiry was held at Guy's Hospital, before Mr. William Payne, the Southwark coroner, respecting the death of Anne Mary Goodenus, aged sixteen years, who lost her life through crinoline, under the following shocking circumstances:—Mr. W. C. Goodenus, 9, Adam-place, Rotherhithe, said that deceased was his daughter. On Monday night, about six o'clock, he left the house, but he had only got as far as the garden-gate when he heard loud shrieks. Presently his daughter rushed out into the garden with all her clothes a mass of flames. As she was getting out of the garden-gate he caught her in his arms. She struggled frantically, and he was so much injured by the flames that his hands were since useless to him. (The witness's hands were bound up in wadding and surgical bandages.) Deceased broke away from him and ran into the road, where several neighbours tried in vain to catch her. A working man coming up, at length knocked her down, and taking off his jacket, partially extinguished the burning mass with it. She was taken to the hospital, where she died. Deceased wore crinoline, and she told her mother that as she was near the fire in the parlour a spark flew out and ignited it. Another witness said that deceased flew into the garden and struck a flame of fire. The sight was appalling. It appeared from other evidence that the stomach and breast of deceased were so frightfully burned that from the first there was not a chance of the preservation of her life. The rest of her body was also shockingly burnt. The jury returned a verdict, "That deceased was accidentally burned to death."

During the past week a very considerable degree of excitement has been manifested at Portsmouth on account of no tidings having been heard of the Chanticleer since she sailed from the last-named port. She left Portsmouth on the 20th ult., under sailing orders for Gibraltar and Malta. She left Spithead during a temporary lull in the gales of last month, and must have been exposed to the full force of the wind before clearing the Channel. We may observe that the Chanticleer is a new screw ship, commanded by Charles Stirling, Esq., and carrying seventeen guns. She is of 200 horse power and 90 tons burden, and the present is her first commission; she has a crew of about 180 men. The following notice was posted at Portsmouth on Monday:—"Hants Telegraph office, Monday morning.—A letter was received this morning, dated Gibraltar, Nov. 3. The writer states that the Chanticleer encountered a very heavy gale the night after leaving England, and lay for seven days in the Channel, but suffered no particular damage." She was, at the date of this letter, at Gibraltar.

An *Extraordinary Gazette* was published last Monday night, announcing the promotions that have taken place in the army and navy in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday. The Prince himself is made a general, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Gough, Lord Clyde, and Sir Edward Blakeney, are made field marshals, and several generals and admirals have received the orders of the Bath of the first and second class. In the navy Sir Graham Hamond, Bart., is made admiral of the fleet, which gives several officers a step in rank, the list closing with the promotion of Captain Collinson, of Arctic celebrity, to be rear-admiral of the blue.

About one o'clock on Monday morning, Richard Jackson, a mechanic, of Lisbon-street, Manchester, was seriously, if not fatally, stabbed in the groin by a fellow-workman, named George Prince, a mechanic, of Chatham-street, Leeds. The parties had been previously on excellent terms, but they appear to have quarrelled in Wellington-street, and Prince, who was the worse for liquor, and who is a rifle volunteer, drew his bayonet, and inflicted a dangerous wound on Jackson, who is now lying in a critical state in the Leeds Infirmary. The act was witnessed by two companions of the parties, but they had, unfortunately, no opportunity of interfering. Prince escaped for the time, but he was subsequently apprehended at his own house by Police-constable Garforth, and lodged in the lock-up at the Leeds Town Hall. Prisoner admits the offence, but pleads that he had received considerable provocation.

The following verse was on Monday evening sung at Covent Garden Theatre by Miss Pyne at the conclusion of the opera of "Love's Triumph":—

Lo! a great nation's prayer
Rings upward thro' the air
Solemn and grand;
And as one voice, so all:
"Lord, let thy blessings fall
On him whom we shall call
King of the Land."

A SHOCKING murder has been committed at Cosley, a populous place adjoining to Bilston. It appears that on Tuesday week it being Sedgley wakes, the deceased, Henry Swinerton, a puddler, residing at Deepfield, was drinking at the Three Horse Shoes Inn, at Ladymoor, with a number of other men and two women. He left there about eleven o'clock in the evening, and was going towards home through the Blue Button Leasow, when he was murderously attacked by two of the men who had been drinking with him. They tried to strangle him, and so awfully battered his head and kicked him that he was left senseless on the ground. A person coming up in the distance shouted to the men, and they ran away, having robbed the deceased of 12*s.* Swinerton died on Monday morning from the injuries he had received; and two men, named Watts Henshaw, and two women of loose character, have been taken into custody.

A FEW days ago a number of gentlemen, promiscuously thrown together in a railway train proceeding from Liverpool to Manchester, found that one of their number was a native of the Confederate States of America. A conversation very naturally arose upon the struggle now existing in America, and quite as naturally changed to an argument about negro slavery. The Confederate gentleman strongly defended the institution, and attempted to justify it, mainly on scriptural grounds. His chief opponent was a Manchester gentleman, who roused the anger of the other that it became quite uncontrollable. To the amazement of the rest of the company, the Southerner seized the Manchester man by the throat, and seemed disposed to settle the argument by strangling him. This of course was not allowed, and they were soon separated. When the American's temper had cooled a little, the Manchester gentleman told him that he appeared to have forgotten that he was not now in a Slave State, but in a land where every man was allowed freely to express his opinions, and would be protected whilst so doing by the law. He at the same time stated his intention of giving the other into the custody of a policeman for the assault. Upon this intimation their fellow-passengers again interfered, and it was ultimately arranged that the "belligerent" Southerner should be excused on payment of a sovereign to the fund for the relief of the distress in the manufacturing districts—a penalty which he willingly consented to pay, when he saw the consequences to which he had exposed himself by his display of temper.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Patrie* says:—

"We learn from a reliable source that France has proposed to England and Russia to request of America a suspension of hostilities for six months. During this armistice the Powers would tender their good offices to bring about a reconciliation, and would ask of the North an immediate cessation of the blockade."

According to the *Correspondencia* of Madrid, of the 4th, General Almonte is ill at Vera Cruz, and a misunderstanding has arisen between Gen. Forey and the French minister, M. de Saligny. The latter news if true is of very little consequence, as General Forey unites in his own person the fullest political and military powers, and would soon give M. de Saligny to understand that he is now nobody in Mexico.

The captain of a French merchantman, the *Pierre Frederic*, writes to the *Courrier du Havre* to complain that the British war vessel *Dart*, Captain Richardson, illegally boarded his vessel off the coast of Africa to look for negroes, although the "right of visit" provisionally agreed to by Louis Philippe is abolished. The *Patrie* seems disposed to make a great deal of the affair, and says the English Government must give satisfaction.

The *Freze* confirms the important news that an attempt is about to be made by the great European Powers to put an end to the barren struggle between the United and the Confederate States. The *Freze* lays down that both sides have done enough, and more than enough, to satisfy that feeling of national susceptibility called *thou ne m'aitais*. The North have been unable to take Richmond; but on the other hand, the South have not been successful in their attempt against Washington. The *Freze* therefore hopes that the opportunity offered by this *ensemble* of facts will not be neglected, and proceeds to say:—

"If France and England, united to the other Powers whose interests are compromised by the American crisis, proffered their good offices to the belligerents there is a chance that the voice of wisdom might be listened to. It would probably be requisite, as a preliminary step, to obtain an armistice to which the respective positions of the two armies, and their reciprocal successes, would enable them to consent without discomfiture. The arms would be laid down, and a truce concluded, were it only till next spring, proposals for a mediation might be framed, and diplomacy, which is now kept back by the din of battles, might prosecute its task. Meanwhile the natural consequence of the armistice would be the re-opening of the Southern ports, and the resumption of commercial intercourse between America and Europe. We have reasons to believe that the intention of the great Powers is at this moment earnestly directed to the advisability of such a step. All the friends of peace must wish for its success. In any case, and in addition to the vital questions which it affect the industry and commerce of the whole world, France and England, but especially France, have very great national interests to protect in America, but especially in the South. There are at New Orleans upwards of 20,000 French families, an enormous amount of property belonging to French subjects, and which are at the mercy of a war of devastation and plunder of a servile war, thanks to the dictatorial measures of General Butler. Steps must be taken to protect our countrymen; if America refuses to listen to the voice of reason it appears impossible that the European Powers should not ere long be compelled by the great interests they have at stake to assume a more characterized attitude."

GREECE.

Accounts from Athens state that the principal members of the monarchial party in Greece are agreed to offer the crown to the Archduke Maximilian, brother to the Emperor of Austria. The family of the Emperor of Austria, like the families of the three protecting Powers—Great Britain, France, and Russia,—excluded from the throne of Greece.

A story is told of Otto having received a full warning of what was to happen to him, and that he disregarded it with true Caesar-like disdain. On the eve of his leaving Athens for the tour which preceded his downfall, the President of the Council, M. Colocotroni, brought him a letter (as is said), in which the whole plan of the insurrection was betrayed. The minister beseeched the King to give up his journey, and to take measures against the conspirators; but his Majesty thought the fears of his adviser chimerical, and started for his projected trip. What follows is now history.

RUSSIAN POLAND.

On Monday afternoon M. Telkner, chief of the secret police of Warsaw, was found stabbed to death on a landing in his own house. His ears had been cut off. The perpetrator of the deed has not yet been discovered.

CHINA.

The *Abeile du Nord* of St. Petersburg publishes an article on the internal affairs of China. It appears from the facts stated in the Russian paper that, notwithstanding the assistance afforded by the British and French troops to suppress the insurrection, the insurgents do not appear to dread the European allies of the Emperor of China. The insurgents have penetrated on one side as far as the Pacific Ocean, and on the other side to the desert of Thibet. They have obtained possession of several towns in the province of Shen-Si, situated in the north-west of China, and the numerous Mussulman population in the province have made common cause with them.

AMERICA.

The *New York Times* gives the following description of the somewhat disorganized condition of the Federal army:—

"There is an immense number of soldiers, both officers and privates, now in this city, and there are more of them to be seen in the streets on sunny days than at any time since the war began. They are generally fine-looking, hearty, well-behaved, and seem to be beautifully supplied with skin-plasters. They are mostly of three classes—first, new volunteers, who have not been sent forward to the seat of war; second, those who are on leave of absence from their regiments; and third, paroled officers and soldiers who, though exempted from active service, are entitled to wear their uniforms and draw their pay. Of the latter class there are far more than might be imagined. The rebels do not now hold prisoners of war for any length of time; but both sides return them to each other as rapidly as possible. The Southern newspapers claim that they have between 100,000 and 50,000 the advantage of us in this matter; in other words, that within the last few months in Virginia and Kentucky they have taken 40,000 more prisoners in battle or by stratagem than we have—who are now on parole, and cannot be relieved from it until regularly exchanged. Of course, this is a gross exaggeration; but still there are enough men on parole to make quite a large diminution in the effective strength of our army, and to add quite a feature to Broadway and the Bowery. Of the unforwarded recruits there are a great number still around. Why thousands of enlisted men are left in a city like New York, or in its vicinity, to get into mutinies and brawls, as has happened on three recent occasions, no common mortal can divine. It is said that McClellan needs more men before he can advance; and McClellan says that the new volunteers fought at Antietam like

Provincial News.

OXFORDSHIRE.—**SUICIDE.**—The usually quiet town of Henley, in Oxfordshire, was alarmed the other afternoon by the rumour that Mr. Lediard a solicitor, and registrar of the county court for that district, had committed suicide. As this gentleman had been seen in apparently good health and spirits only a few hours previously, the report was discredited for a time, but on inquiry it was ascertained to be too true. Mr. Lediard occupied a large house in Bell-street, and was observed to leave the front door between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, going in the direction of the Fairmile, as was supposed, for the purpose of taking a morning's walk. The county court treasurer, pursuant to notice, called at the office to see Mr. Lediard for the purpose of examining his accounts between ten and eleven o'clock, but Mr. Lediard was not then within. In anticipation of his return, he waited in his office, but time passed on, and Mr. Lediard did not appear. His prolonged absence excited suspicion, and inquiries were made respecting him, but for nearly four hours no tidings could be obtained beyond that he was seen to leave the house. A little before two o'clock in the afternoon a boy employed in the house went into the garden at the back of the dwelling, and to the labour at the bottom. Here the little fellow was horror-stricken at finding his master with his head nearly severed from his body. The uniformed gentleman had a razor in his hand, showing that his death was the result of his own rash act. A faithful house he communicated to the family what he had discovered, and assistance, medical and otherwise, was soon procured. The medical gentleman pronounced life to have been extinct nearly four hours. Pecuniary embarrassment is supposed to have led to the lamentable act.

KENT.—**ATTEMPT TO UPSET THE TIDAL TRAIN.**—A diabolical attempt to overturn the tidal train on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway was perpetrated on Sunday evening last, in the neighbourhood of Chatham. Shortly before the time at which the train was due at the Chatham Station, and after it had been signalled, it was discovered that an iron rail had been placed across the metals of the up line, near the entrance to the tunnel. The discovery was made by one of the servants of the company, who happened to be on the embankment, and who noticed a man hurrying away from the spot. Before the obstruction could be removed the train reached the spot, but, owing to the diminished speed at which it was moving preparatory to its stopping at the station, no harm occurred, though had the rail been placed a short distance down the line there is little doubt a very serious accident would have resulted. It is stated that the man who was seen hurrying from the spot where the obstruction was placed can be identified, and such information has been given to the police at Chatham, as there is very little doubt, will lead to his apprehension.

YORKSHIRE.—**EXTRAORDINARY OUTRAGE BY BOYS.**—The triumph of boys over the effigy of Guy Fawkes has been attended this year at Bradford with a very aggravated act of violence. The particulars were stated before Messrs. Alderman Rad, Brown, and Light, and Mr. S. Smith, four of the magistrates of that borough on Saturday, when no fewer than thirty boys and youths, from thirteen to twenty years of age, most of them employed in worsted factories, dye-houses, and iron foundries, were charged with having committed a murderous assault upon Mr. Isaac White, a respectable farmer, between fifty and sixty years of age, residing at New Millard, Manningham township, in the borough of Bradford. They were further charged with stealing Mr. White's property. Mr. Terry, solicitor, appeared for the prosecution; Mr. J. G. Hutchinson appeared for fourteen of the prisoners, and Mr. Cater on behalf of four others, the rest being undefended. From the evidence of Mr. Graham, chief constable of Bradford, it appeared that the prisoners and other lads, to the number altogether of forty or more, went on Tuesday night week with a hand cart to Mr. White's farm, for the purpose of conveying away pales and other fencing materials to use as fuel for a bonfire; a tree blown down by the late gales having been previously stolen by the same boys for the like purpose. Mr. White kept watch upon the depredators, approached them when they were engaged in their unlawful business, and ordered them to desist. He then laid hold of the hand-cart, and no sooner had he done so than he was attacked by the whole gang of boys, who, armed with pales, sticks, and stones, struck him violently on the head, face, and shoulders, knocked him down, kicked him, and left him bleeding on the ground and in a state of insensibility. His son soon afterwards found him, and he was removed to his house, where he has been confined to bed ever since. Nine of his teeth were knocked out, and his gums, lips, face, head, and shoulders were very severely cut and bruised. Mr. Bell was called in to see him the same night, and found him in a half-conscious state. The doctor considered Mr. White's life was in danger at that time, but on visiting him on each of the three following mornings he appeared to be somewhat better, although occasionally he complained of pain in his head. The bench remanded all the thirty prisoners for a week, but consented to take bail for their appearance.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—**ALLIED MURDER OF A WIFE.**—On Saturday, an old man, sixty years of age, named William Ockold, a tailor, was taken into custody by the police at Oldbury, near Dudley, on a charge of murdering his wife Sophia, aged seventy-three. From what the police have been able to ascertain it appears that at about four o'clock on Saturday morning, a carter, named Jeremiah Bradley heard voices in altercation in the house occupied by Ockold, and his wife. He heard the woman groaning, and heard her say, "Have mercy upon me; don't kill me." Knowing that they frequently quarrelled, the man took very little notice of the matter, until subsequent circumstances recalled it to his memory. About eight o'clock in the morning, a girl, named Maria Gazebrook, who lived next door to the Ockolds, went in to inquire after the health of the old woman, who had been unwell the previous day. The old man was sitting on his bed at work, and the girl noticed that one of his hands was covered with blood, and that there was a large abrasion of the skin. Upon asking him how this occurred, he said that he had struck the old woman for getting drunk. The girl then called up-stairs, and receiving no answer, she was about to proceed to the bedroom. Ockold said, "You shan't go up there," but she ran past him and reached the bedroom, where she found the woman lying dead on the floor, her face being covered with blood and her body fearfully bruised. She at once ran to the police-station and to an adjoining surgery, and upon Sergeant Simmons arriving, the man was taken into custody as he was in the act of dragging the body from the floor to the bed. Upon being charged by the officer he said, "It's a bad job." He also said that he had injured his hand against his wife's teeth. He seemed to treat the matter very lightly, and showed no emotion of any kind.

A YOUNG HOP-FRUIT.—A boy named Pierre Leclat, only thirteen years of age, was brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, Paris, charged with a brutal assault on his own mother. It appeared from the evidence that the accused has been leading a vagabond life for the last six months, never going home but to rob and ill-treat his mother, and on the 4th instant he beat her with a stick, and kicked her till she was covered with bruises from head to foot. The hardened young rascal heard the evidence of the physician who described his mother's injuries without showing the least sign of compunction; and after the tribunal had sentenced him to be confined in a house of correction until his twentieth year, left the bar laughing.

General News.

The death of Mr. Peacock, solicitor to the Post-office, has enabled the Government to make a considerable reduction in that department. The salary of the late solicitor was 2,500*l.* a year, being a commutation in lieu of fees, which produced a still larger sum. Mr. A. Hurst has been appointed to the place of chief solicitor, at a salary of 1,500*l.*, just a thousand less than his predecessor.

Mrs. Anna Bishop, the vocalist, has been burnt to death at St. Paul, Minnesota, by her clothes taking fire.

A LETTER from Naples states that the Padre Jantaleo, General Garibaldi's chaplain, has been engaged by an English speculator. He is to recount the life and campaigns of General Garibaldi to an English audience.

ONE of the students under Dr. Nodding has quitted Paris for La Spezia, taking out an apparatus for Garibaldi. On his apparatus in the amphitheatre of his school, this celebrated surgeon received a rapturous ovation from his pupils.

THE following is in the *Levee* of Oct. 25:—"We learn with lively satisfaction that the Sultan has most wisely countermanded the orders recently given in England for three mailed frigates—intending for the present to limit the proposed iron additions to the fleet to the large frigates ordered for his Majesty by the Viceroy of Egypt."

On Saturday, the launch of the Peninsular and North Wales Steam Navigation Company, took place, in the presence of a large number of visitors, from the deck of the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, Blackwall.

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached two sermons at his tabernacle, on Sunday, on behalf of relieving the distress now being endured by the operatives in the North. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather the building was filled on both occasions. Collections were made at the close of each sermon, and the sum contributed amounted to 713*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.*

THE Tribunal of Correctional Police at Paris, tried two brothers, named Baling, for several acts of swindling, which consisted in selling worthless plants at high prices, under the pretence that they were rare exotics. It appeared from the evidence that the two accused, who are florists, residing at Venice, near Genoa, last winter opened a shop on the Boulevard des Capucines, for the sale of exotic shrubs and plants, which they warranted to produce beautiful flowers, highly finished drawings of which were shown to intending purchasers. To these pretended rarities they gave the most high-sounding names, as *Polypodium elephantinum*, *Paeonia variegata novae imperiae*, *Andromeda variegata*, &c. Attracted by these fine names and the beautiful drawings of the flowers, the gardener of the Princess Mathilde made purchases to the amount of 452*l.* M. Molinet, a gentleman residing at Fontainebleau, for 2,400*l.*; and many other persons for smaller sums, but all were bitterly disappointed, for the plants proved to be utterly worthless. Complaints were accordingly made to the police, and an investigation was instituted, which resulted in the discovery that the two accused had practised the same fraud two years before at Cadix, and that their campaign in Paris last winter resulted in profits amounting to above 41,000*l.* The offences having been fully proved by several witnesses, the Tribunal declared the accused "Guilty," and sentenced each of them to a year's imprisonment, and 50*l.* fine.

THE *Cork Examiner* says:—"There is now lying in the harbour two of these long narrow steamers, all funnel, paddle, and engine, which seem to be the favourite conveyance for a certain class of goods to a West Indian port. One is called the Pearl, the other was the Northumbria, but at present must be styled the Anonymous, as her name has been rubbed out. She hails from Glasgow, and has put in here to coal. None of her men are allowed to quit the ship, probably for fear they might initiate the trick of the Pearl's crew, some of whom endeavoured to desert. Both steamers have two funnels, and from the quantity of coal they carry are sunk in the water almost to their masts. Their freight is one which stores in a small space, and is at present in great demand in the Southern States of America." The *Free Press* of Commerce has received information that the British steamer *Antonia*, taking ammunition on board at Cork, has been stopped by order of the British Government, on the ground that the supplies of powder, &c., were intended for the Southern Confederacy. The same journal has reason to believe that despatches have been received, remonstrating with the British Government for allowing on previous occasions privateers and vessels laden with ammunition to be built and fitted out in British ports.

On Thursday, about two o'clock, Mr. Ellis, M.P. for Toxteth, while hunting with Lord Dacre's hounds, suddenly fell from his horse in an apoplectic fit and expired. The meet was at Coleman's-green, about four miles from Holford.

A THOROUGHLY anti-slavery paper, in the French language, has just been started in New Orleans. It is called *L'Union*, and addresses itself, in particular, to the French people of colour, to whom it appeals in stirring articles to join the Union troops and aid them in the establishment of a "Republican system without stain, of a democracy without fetters." The first number reproduces a letter, addressed two years ago by Victor Hugo to a Haytian poet.

AN order has been received from the War-office that commanding officers of volunteers are not to allow the subscriptions of volunteers to stand over beyond six months from the time when first applied for, but are to take prompt legal steps for the recovery of the same.

THERE is every appearance that the French intend occupying Mexico for some time to come. Locomotives, carriages, and trucks have been ordered for a railroad between Vera Cruz and Orizaba, and it is said these carriages will be ready for delivery in the course of January next.

The new Lord Mayor of London has offered himself as a candidate on the Conservative interest for the borough of Southwark.

THE Solicitor-General of Scotland, Mr. Edward Francis Maitland, has been appointed to the vacant seat on the bench, in succession to Lord Ivory. Mr. George Young, (Advocate, 1840), sheriff and commissioner of Haddington and Berwickshire, has been appointed Solicitor-General in the room of Mr. Maitland.

DURING the height of the London Exhibition prospectuses were circulated in some of the provinces of the west of France, of a week's excursion to London, with a visit to Paris on the way, the whole for a stated price. As to what was promised to the visitors, the prospectus says:—"On the 18th of August arrival in Paris, breakfast and grand dinner at the Hotel du Louvre, with illuminations and fireworks at night." The two last items did not cost the speculators much, as the 15th of August being the Emperor's birthday, they were furnished by the city of Paris. The prospectus continued:—"Arrival in London, splendid breakfast, sumptuous apartments, carriages at the disposal of the company, visits to public buildings, theatres," &c. The directors of this planful scheme were two speculators named Vigneron and Broglio. A number of dupes were attracted by the announcements, and in due time arrived in London; but there the great disappointment awaited them. The sumptuous apartments proved to be a miserable garret, the breakfasts and dinners were the very reverse of splendid, and all the pleasures which were not (like the illuminations and fireworks at Paris) to be obtained gratis, existed only on the prospectus. One of the speculators has now summoned the two speculators before the correctional police of Paris for breach of contract, and, as they did not appear, they were sentenced by default to three months' imprisonment and 42 fine each.

veterans. As soon as 10 men, as soon as ten men, are raised in the city, and are furnished with uniforms and *shirts*, they should be sent forward to Harper's Ferry. They are ornamental, but not useful, in this quarter. But the larger proportion of officers and soldiers who give our city the appearance of a heavily-garrisoned town are here *in de v's of absence*—very few of them, we should think by the looks, on sick leave of absence. Our correspondents with the various divisions of the army state that the number of hore who are absent from their regiments on various pretences is enormous; and the statement is confirmed by what may daily be seen in New York and other great cities. Were we to state the number of men and officers who, we learn from the most authentic sources, have lately been granted permission to go home from General McClellan's army, it would hardly be credited; but it is now a well-known fact that when Mr. Lincoln visited the army while it was on the peninsula he found the evil had reached such a magnitude that, if it had gone three times further, would have left General McClellan without one soldier. And even in that deathly region not a half of these leaves of absence were on account of sickness. The matter is not much mended now. It is time that this thing was put an end to. There have been various orders issued on the subject from time to time, which have made some folks think it was next to impossible for a soldier, and particularly an officer, to get away from the proper sphere of his duty. But some facts which are in our possession show that this is anything but correct. We hope the state of things of which we speak is not to be taken as another of the indications that insurrection is the fore-ordained order of the winter. The 10,000 soldiers in and around this city seem to be all supplied with *shirts*.

Mrs. Eliza Gurney, an English Quaker lady, widow of the late John J. Gurney, had an interview with President Lincoln on the 27th ult. —

She assured him at some length of the sympathy which the Friends on both sides of the Atlantic felt in him, and of the prayers which they offered up on his behalf, and closed her remarks with an earnest appeal to him to trust in Divine power. The President was sensibly affected, and replied in few but fit words, to the effect that in the unhappy events amid which his lot was cast he acknowledged the Divine hand, as controlling all things, and considered himself only as an humble instrument to work out the designs of Providence, being sure, that whatever might happen, He who made the world still governed it."

The *New York Times* correspondent with McClellan's army still continues to assert that the generals surrounding McClellan consider an advance on the rebels at Gordonville and Richmond is full of peril, and believe that an approach by the south side of the James River is the only and true route to Richmond, and that if the matter was left to McClellan's own judgment he would ship the whole army back to the peninsula.

A New York letter says:—

The news from Arkansas of another great battle and victory in vicinity of Pea Ridge imparts some life and interest to the news of the day. The immediate location of the late conflict was at Maysville, nearly fifty miles from Pea Ridge. The intelligence is conveyed in an official despatch from General Curtis to General Halleck, recounting, in brief, the fact that General Schofield, finding that the enemy under the rebel General Hindman had encamped at Pea Ridge, sent General Blunt with the first division westward, and moved towards Huntsville with the rest of his forces. General Blunt, after a hard night's march, reached and attacked the rebel force, from 5,000 to 7,000 strong, at Maysville, at seven o'clock in the morning of the 2nd inst. The engagement lasted about an hour, and resulted in the total rout of the enemy, with the loss of all his artillery, a battery of six-pounders, a large number of horses, and a portion of their transportation and garrison equipments. The Union cavalry and light howitzers were still in pursuit of the enemy at last accounts. General Schofield pursued General Hindman beyond Huntsville, coming close upon him, when his forces precipitately fled beyond the Boston mountain. Our loss in the affair was very small."

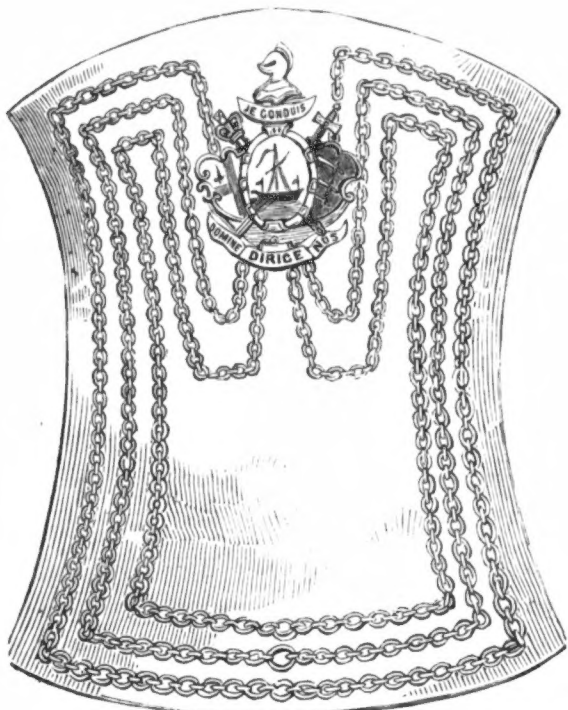
PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.

A New York letter contains the following anecdote:—

"When President Lincoln lately visited the battle-field of South Mountain, he met in the Gap, at the 'Mountain House,' an old farmer, who was turning an honest penny in selling apples and cider to the crowds of visitors to that locality. 'Mr. President,' said the unsophisticated genius, 'Won't you have a glass of cider?' 'No, sir, I thank you,' replied Mr. Lincoln. 'B't it's real good; prime Union cider.' 'Is it? Well, my friend, then I will try it,' said the President, and which he did, with much wryness of face, vast fame to the farmer, and great glee to General McClellan and staff, who accompanied the President. The following remarkable scene, connected with the President's late visit to the rebel hospital at Sharpsburg, is narrated. Passing through one of the hospitals, devoted exclusively to Confederate sick and wounded, President Lincoln's attention was drawn to a young Georgian—a fine, noble-looking youth, stretched upon a humble cot. He was pale, emaciated, and anxious, far from kindred and home, vibrating, as it were, between life and death. Every stranger that entered caught his restless eyes, in hope of their being some relative or friend. President Lincoln, observing this youthful soldier, approached and spoke, asking him if he suffered much pain. 'I do,' was the reply, 'I have lost a leg, and I am sinking from exhaustion.' 'Would you,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'shake hands with me if I were to tell you who I am?' The response was affirmative. 'There should,' remarked the young Georgian, 'be no enemies in this place.' Then said the distinguished visitor, 'I am Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.' The young sufferer raised his head, looking amazed, and freely extended his hand, which Mr. Lincoln took and pressed tenderly for some time. There followed an instinctive pause. The wound of Confederate's eyes melted into tears, his lips quivered, and his heart became full. President Lincoln bent over him motionless and dumb. His eyes, too, were overflowing, thus giving utterance to emotions far beyond the power of language to describe. It was a most touching scene. Not a dry eye was present. Silence was subsequently broken by a kind, conciliatory conversation between the President and this young Confederate, when they parted, there being but slight hopes of the latter's recovery."

A RATE COLLECTOR at Wisbech, named Dyson, has been discovered to be a defaulter in his accounts to the extent of £800 or £1,000.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE IN PRUSSIA.—An interesting trial is pending before the Co'ogne tribunals. The validity of a marriage contracted in 1818 between Count S— and the daughter of a non-commissioned officer of the Guard, who had been employed in the *opera de b'het* of the opera, was disputed on the ground of irregularity of rank. The superior tribunals of Berlin declared the marriage valid acting upon a rescript of 1716, by which non-commissioned officers and their children are assimilated to the upper bourgeois class. But this judgment has been cancelled, and the cause sent back to be tried again. The defendant, the son of the Countess S—, pleads that his mother was a very skilful dancer; that she danced solos; that consequently she was an artist, and belonged therefore to the upper bourgeois class. Thus it is upon the question of whether his lady danced more or less cleverly that the validity of the marriage depends. The law upon marriage, presented so many times, suppressed this absurd distinction of ranks; consequently the Chamber of Peers has always refused to vote it.



SHERIFF'S BADGE AND CHAIN.

sion, which was of very great length, after being marshalled, started on its way about twelve o'clock, amid the ringing of church bells and the strains of martial music. Except, perhaps, in the extent to which the Volunteer movement was represented, and an endeavour to give something like dignity to the men in armour, of whom there were on this occasion eighteen knights and esquires, clad in mail from the Tower, the pageant presented little that was novel. The band of the Life Guards, mounted; the bands of the Coldstream Guards and the Royal Artillery, with those of the London Rifle Brigade, the Irish Rifle Volunteers, and the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, accompanied the procession. One hundred men from the Naval Reserve force made a conspicuous figure in it, and here and there along the line were the 1st City of London Volunteer Engineers, and a detachment of the 3rd City of London Rifle Volunteers. The equipages of the sheriffs attracted much notice, and a forest of bright banners still further enlivened the spectacle. The Spectacle-makers' Company and the Fishmongers' Company, to which the Lord Mayor and the retiring Lord Mayor respectively belong, were largely represented by their several governing bodies. As usual, the Lord Mayor in his state carriage, drawn by six horses, and attended by his chaplain and the sword-bearer and Common Crier, brought up the rear, accompanied by a mounted guard of honour.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

Arriving at Westminster Hall about two o'clock, the civic dignitaries entered the Court of Exchequer, where the Lord Chief Baron, Baron Bramwell, and Baron Channell, wearing their scarlet robes, were waiting to receive them.

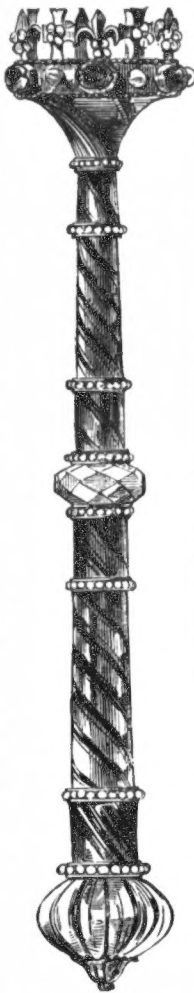
Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder, addressing the bench, said: I have to introduce to your lordships the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, who, having been raised by the unanimous voice of his fellow-citizens to the high office which he has the honour to hold, attends here, according to ancient custom, to offer, on the part of the great corporation of which he is the head, a tribute of respect to the law, of which your lordships are the rightful guardians, and to claim on behalf of the citizens of London the rights, privileges, and immunities to which they are of old time entitled. My lords, the Lord Mayor is a member of a family many of whom have at various times rendered great services to their country, both in civil and military life. Not a few have died in fields where much glory has been won, and the name of one is familiar to us all, as well from the services he has rendered as from the high position he holds in our great Indian empire. The Lord Mayor, however, from early life has been engaged in commercial pursuits, and he has reaped those rewards which in our happy land ordinarily follow a course of patient, honest, and intelligent industry. But he has not allowed himself to be so engrossed by private business as to be negligent of public duties. When a few years since fears were entertained that

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.—THE PROCESSION, ETC.

We this week present our readers with a number of illustrations representing various interesting ceremonies, objects, &c., associated with that grand annual civic festival, Lord Mayor's Day.

THE PROCESSION.

On Monday, with all the customary pomp, the new Lord Mayor (Alderman Rose) went in state from Guildhall to Westminster, escorted by Mr. Cubitt, the retiring chief magistrate, the rest of the members of the Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and all the principal officers of the corporation, to be presented to the barons of the Court of Exchequer in accordance with immemorial usage. The morning, promising at first as to weather, was afterwards marred by a few showers of rain, but just as the pageant was about to start the sun shone out and the remainder of the day was equally auspicious. The immense crowd of people, therefore, of all ages and every condition who invariably turn out to witness this time-honoured civic spectacle saw it with tolerable comfort. The procession



THE CITY MACE.

our defences had been neglected, and that the shores of England were not secure against hostile attack, the Lord Mayor was one of the most forward in promoting that great national movement to the success of which we are indebted for the happy feeling of security in which we now rejoice. He took a leading part in raising and organizing one of the most effective of our volunteer regiments, in which he still holds a high command. Such a man was sure before long to attract the notice of his neighbours, and on the death of the alderman of the ward in which he carried on business he was elected to succeed him. He was shortly afterwards elected by the Livery of London Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and by the manner in which the duties of those offices were discharged he merited and obtained the gratitude of those whom he served. In grateful recollection of the past, and in full confidence as to the future, his fellow citizens have now raised him to the highest dignity which it is in their power to confer, in the firm belief that he is worthy to succeed his popular and distinguished predecessor. My lords, I have also to introduce to your lordships the late Lord Mayor. Upon him has been conferred the signal honour of being elected to fill during two successive years the highest municipal office in this kingdom. During the last year he has had to contend with the difficulty of having to bear a comparison with himself, and well has that difficulty been overcome. The same qualities which won for him during his first year of office the esteem and gratitude of the citizens of London have appeared in undiminished force in the second. We have witnessed the same wisdom in council, the same firmness and humanity in administering justice, the same active zeal in the cause of charity—and great has been the need,—the same dignified hospitality, the same kindness and urbanity towards all with whom he has come in contact; and he will carry with him into comparatively private life the affectionate remembrances of all classes in our city, and the most earnest wishes that he may be long spared to afford to his fellow-citizens the aid of his counsel and the inestimable benefits of his example.

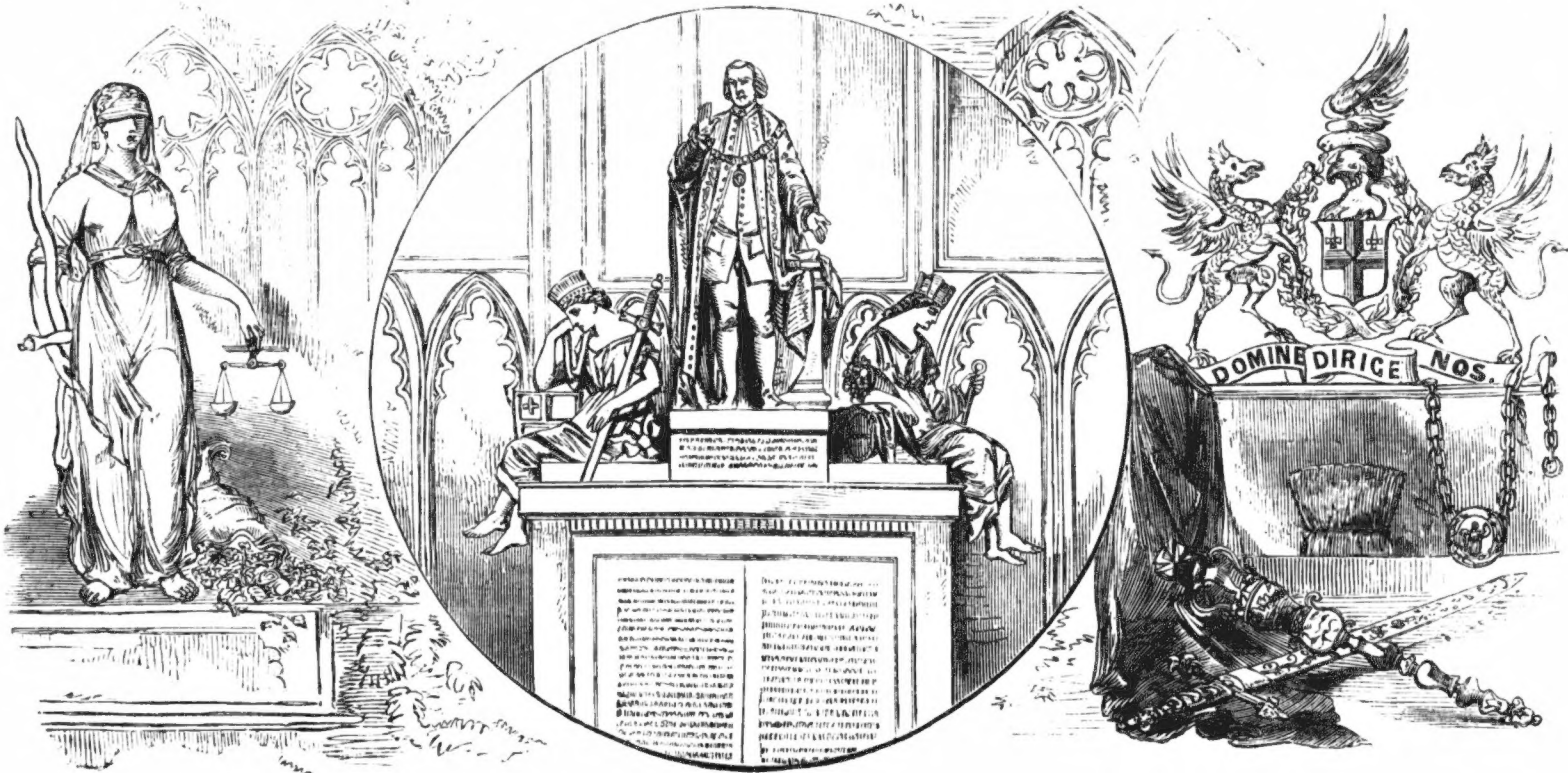


THE SEAL OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

GUILDHALL.

The Guildhall of the City of London, in the Ward of Cheap, close to the ancient street of Cheapside, was originally built in the year 1411, the twelfth year of the reign of King Henry the Fourth. Prior to the time of its erection, the courts of the City were held in Aldermanbury. To pay the cost of the new building, several City Companies, or *Gilds*—a word derived from the old Saxon *gild*, to pay, to contribute sums to a common purpose—assisted very liberally with funds; but as this was found to be insufficient, fees and rates, many of them still extant, were levied for the purpose. Thus the building soon became a very magnificent structure, as we see in old prints: for of the original Guildhall there is nothing left now but the stone and mortar of the walls, and a couple or so of mutilated windows. The old building received the first injury from the Great Fire (1666), which destroyed the front towards King-street, and time and minor conflagrations did the rest; so that it became necessary, at the end of the last century, to erect a new structure. This was done accordingly; and the building of the present Guildhall began in 1788.

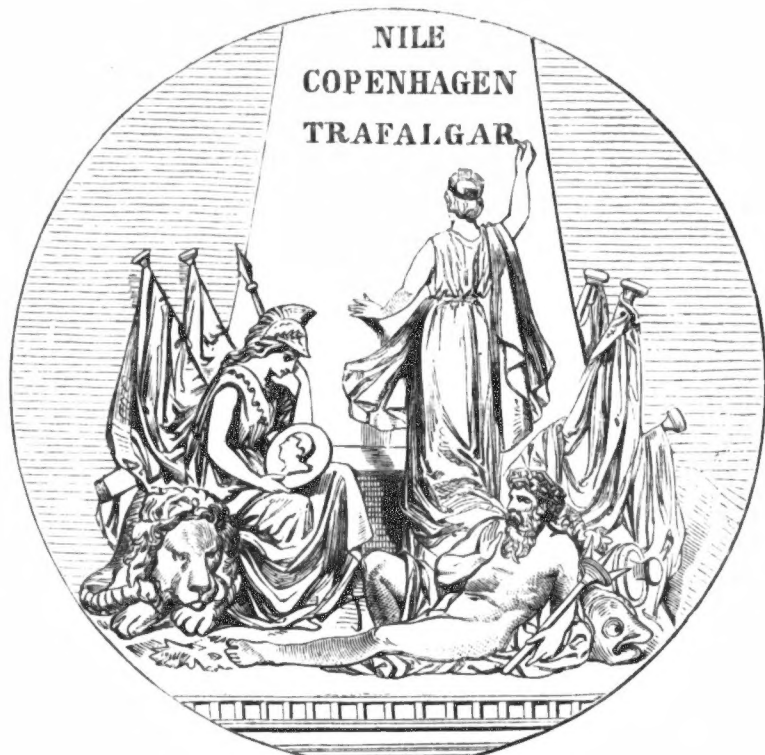
The most curious part of this mansion, as it now exists, is the hall, an immense room, in which 3,000 persons can dine, and which contains a few interesting monuments; amongst others, at the western end, raised on pedestals, the well-known colossal figures of Gog and Magog. These two giant statues, which formerly formed part of the pageant on Lord Mayor's Day, are called by antiquarians Colbrand and Brandmore, and were used in olden times to figure in great shows: as for example, when King Henry V. entered London from Southwark in 1415, they stood on each side at the entrance of London Bridge; Gog bearing an axe in his hand and Magog the keys of the City. The present figures are, however, not of such great antiquity.



BECKFORD'S MONUMENT.



WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT.



NELSON'S MONUMENT.

they having been carved by Richard Launders, and set up in the hall in 1708. But what chiefly makes the hall of this civic place famous, are the monstrous dinners given here annually on the 9th of November. These dinners are likewise of considerable antiquity, the first of them having been given by Sir John Shaw, goldsmith, knighted on the field of Bosworth. Other rich aldermen soon imitated Sir John, and the festivities of Guildhall at length grew to such an excess, that in the time of Queen Mary a sumptuary law was made to restrain the expense both of provisions and liveries. This law, however, does not seem to have had much effect; for John Pepys, in his pleasant gossiping diary informs us that he went in 1663 to dine at Guildhall with 'the Mayor and the Lords of the Privy Council' and had 'ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts.'

The Guildhall contains, also, the official library of the City of London, which is tolerably rich in specimens of early printed plays and pageants connected with the City; and has likewise a small collection of antiquities, discovered in making the excavations for the new Royal Exchange. But the pearl of all the rarities in Guildhall is an old piece of parchment, a deed of conveyance of a house in Ireland-yard, which William Shakspeare bought in 1612, bequeathing it to his favourite daughter Susan, and to which the great poet's autograph signature is attached. There were not above five or six of such autographs extant altogether; and the Corporation of London gave for this one at Guildhall the sum of £147. It is preserved in an appropriate glass case, and may be seen on application to the librarian.

THE CITY SCEPTRE, MAYORALTY SEAL, AND CITY PURSE.

The Sceptre is the emblem of the jurisdiction exercised in the City of London by its chief magistrate, and as such has been tendered to the Sovereign along with the keys on the occasion of a royal visit to the east of Temple Bar. On being entrusted to Messrs. Rundell and Bridges some years since for needful repairs, the crown was found by those gentlemen to be made out of an alloy not used in art manufacture since the time of the Conquest.



THE CORPORATION OF LONDON OR CITY PURSE.

The fleur de lis which ornament the crown were added about the time when the Plantagenet kings first set up their claim to the throne of France, perhaps in the time of Richard II. The purse has long been so dilapidated that any attempt to draw its strings would result in the destruction of the venerable relic. It contains only the keys of office.

The Lord Mayor's collar is of pure gold, and is composed of a series of links, each formed of a letter 'S,' a united York and Lancaster, or Henry VII rose, and a massive knolt. The ends of the chain are joined by the portcullis, from the points of which suspended by a ring of diamonds, hangs the jewel. The entire collar contains twenty-eight S S, fourteen roses, and thirteen knolts, and measures sixty-four inches. The jewel contains in the centre the City arms, cut in cameo of a delicate blue upon an olive ground. Surrounding this, a garter of bright blue, edged with white and gold, bearing the City motto, 'Domine dirige nos,' (the Lord direct us) in gold letters. The whole is encircled with a costly border of gold S S, alternating with rosettes of diamonds set in silver. The jewel is suspended from the collar by a portcullis; but when worn without the collar is suspended by a broad blue ribbon. The investiture is by a single massive gold chain, and in cases of the re-election of a Lord Mayor, by two chains.

We are told by a very old writer on civic matters that Sir John Allen (who served the office of Lord Mayor of London in 1535, who was honoured with the rank of Privy Councillor to Henry VIII, and who died in 1540,) bequeathed to the Corporation a rich collar of gold, 'to be worn by future Lord Mayors,' besides other property to the poor, &c. What has become of this collar we cannot learn, but probably it may be found among some of the City archives.

The mace borne before the civic monarch is of silver, richly gilt. It is, in length, five feet three inches, and bears on the lower part the initials 'W. R.' It is surmounted by a royal crown and the imperial arms, and has the handle and staff richly carved.

The sword, called the 'Pearl Sword,' was presented to the Corporation by Queen Elizabeth upon the opening of the Royal



PITT'S MONUMENT.



CHATHAM'S MONUMENT.

Exchange, which was destroyed by fire in 1836. It is set with pearls, and the handle is of solid gold, and upon it are the representations of "Justice and Mercy." There is a second sword borne before the Lord Mayor on Sundays, and another common one, for season days. There is also a "blue sword," this is borne before his lordship on the 30th of January and the 2nd of September, in each year, as a memento of the commencement and termination of the Great Fire of 1666, when so large a portion of the City was destroyed by that fearful conflagration.

The Mansion House is a fine, commodious structure, containing many spacious apartments: the Egyptian Hall, in particular, being a magnificent room.

The fine monuments to Wellington, Nelson, Pitt, Chatham, and Bockford engraved on pages 81 and 85, formed also, as usual, a special attraction to the guests.

THE BANQUET

The customary inaugural banquet was given by the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs, in Guildhall, on Monday evening. The ancient hall and the contiguous apartments were splendidly decorated for the occasion, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Bunning, the City architect. At the western end of the lobby entrance was a graced statue of Europe, by Durham, and the walls of the corridor and vestibule were tastefully hung with trophies of antique armour, flags, and flowing shrubs. The ornamentation of the hall itself bore special reference to the event of that day—the coming of age of the Prince of Wales, and was as skilfully executed as it had been happily conceived. In the centre of the eastern window, and immediately above the chief table, stood a fine statue of her Majesty, also by Durham, surmounted by a Prince of Wales's plume, of gigantic dimensions and exquisite workmanship, entirely composed of spun glass. On the right of the statue was a pleasing full-length portrait of the Her Apparent on horseback, and on the left a companion portrait of his royal highness's betrothed, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

The company began to arrive at five o'clock, and from that hour to a quarter to seven there was a continuous influx of guests, the more distinguished of whom, on crossing the hall for the reception-room were greeted with cheers. As his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge entered the wide assembly room, and the band played the National Anthem. The appearance of Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Lord Brougham was also hailed with loud plaudits.

At a few minutes to seven o'clock the procession of the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and the principal guests, headed by trumpeters, and other civic dignitaries, moved from the reception-room to the banquet-hall, and took their places at the chief table at the east end. The Duke of Cambridge conducted the Lady Mayoress to her seat on the left of the Lord Mayor. Lord Palmerston sat on the Lord Mayor's right.

When the whole of the company, nearly 1,000 in number, had taken their places, the *cup d'or* was singularly brilliant and imposing.

Grace was said by the Rev. Canon Lupton, the Lord Mayor's chaplain. The dinner was supplied by the Messrs. Staples, of the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, and in all respects sustained the reputation of their establishment. The Austrian ambassador had presented the Lord Mayor with a handsome present of imperial to-day, in which to pledge the health and happiness of his royal highness the Prince of Wales. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. R. Glen Wesley, assisted by Miss. Parepa, Miss Lizzie Wilson, Madame Harriette Lee, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and a glee and madrigal choir.

The usual toasts having been given.

The Lord Mayor rose to give "The health of Lord Palmerston and Her Majesty's Ministers."

Lord Palmerston was greeted on rising with renewed and prolonged cheering. He said: My Lord Mayor, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen.—On my own part and on that of my colleagues I beg to return to our most sincere thanks for the honour which you, my Lord Mayor, have done us in proposing, and you, ladies and gentlemen, in so kindly accepting the toast which has just been drunk. I can assure you there is nothing which can be deemed a greater reward to those engaged in the public service than testimony of the approval and goodwill of their fellow-countrymen for the performance of their duty. And when I say for the performance of their duty, I say all that can be said for any public man; because there can be no higher praise than that of the performance of duty, and no public man can do more than discharge the duty which is incumbent upon him. (Hear, hear.) If there are those who may be able to fulfil that task, those, on the other hand, who think that they have the power of doing more must be presumptuous indeed. It is peculiarly flattering and gratifying to men who are engaged in the public service to be honoured with invitations to these annual commemorations. For, in the first place, I may say, without fear of exaggeration, that there is hardly any Sovereign in Europe who could give a more splendid banquet, when you consider the company assembled, and the hall in which we are met, than that at which we are now privileged to assist. But these gatherings are also typical of the British nation, for you have here men of all classes, men of all political opinions, men connected with every kind of pursuit, assembled in convivial fellowship, each forgetting any differences which may exist between him and others, and only animated by a common feeling of brotherhood and of pride as to the nation to which he belongs. (Cheers.) There is one circumstance not devoid of interest connected with these anniversary days, and it is more peculiarly called to mind by what fell from the Lord Mayor this evening; for it is a remarkable fact—that it is also an auspicious omen—that the day on which the municipal corporation of this vast city inaugurates the reign of one whom my Lord Mayor will allow me to designate their sovereign for the year (a laugh), is the day on which this country has been blessed by the birth of a prince, who one day, and God grant it may be long distant (cheers), will be the Sovereign of this empire, and who, by the qualities with which nature and Providence have endowed him, is destined, I hope, to be a source of happiness to the nation over which he may be called to rule. (Cheers.) My Lord Mayor has adverted to a topic which must excite the deepest feelings of sorrow on the part of every man and woman in the country—I mean that distress which unfortunately pervades a portion of our manufacturing districts. It may be hoped that the cause of that distress may not be long continued (hear, hear); although it must be owned that there is not at present any immediate prospect that more humane feelings and kinder sentiments are likely to prevail between the contending parties on the American continent. But we may trust that India will furnish us to a certain degree with that raw material which is essential to the industry of our manufacturing population. (Cheers.)

The Lord Mayor said they were honoured with the presence of a nobleman who had long played a distinguished part in the history of this country, and whose presence he hoped they would have at many similar festivals. He referred to Lord Brougham, whose health he begged to propose. (Cheers.)

Lord Brougham: I feel deeply grateful to your lordship for the manner in which you have proposed, and to this company for the kind manner in which it has received the last toast. It is to all well-regulated minds a pleasing thing to look back upon acts of kindness, and I have for a good deal over forty years had the distinguished honour of being a member of this great corporation. So much older am I than others in this corporation that really when his lordship proposed to drink "Prosperity to the Trade of this City," I at first had some doubt whether it was not my duty to respond. (Laughter.) But if it was a pleasing thing to receive a great honour, the ground upon which it was conferred was still more gratifying, as it was from the approval of my fellow-citizens

of this great City of my conduct political in supporting the privileges and honour of that renowned profession of which I deem it the great happiness of my life to be a member—in supporting them against the whole weight of the Government of the country with the Crown at its head. (Cheers.) But really, independently of the cause of bestowal, the honour itself is very great. This City has long been famed as the cradle of British liberty, and of late it has become the tomb of our discords and the fountain of our charity. The late Lord Mayor and his worthy associates, including the present Lord Mayor, have extended their benevolence to all parts—even the most remote—of this country, not considering distance to signify anything provided the necessity was great and urgent. (Cheers.) And let us, while we commend the givers of that benevolence, not forget the admirable conduct of those who have received it. (Cheers.) I look upon the working classes of Lancashire, Cheshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, particularly those in the cotton districts of Lancashire as entitled to all possible commendation and praise, even to veneration, for the manner in which they have borne their privations. (Cheers.) When I contrast their conduct during the last year with what I well remember it was forty or fifty years ago, when there was much less pressure, but when the people broke out into disturbances in those districts, giving themselves up to strikes for wages—to attempts to destroy cotton mills, believing those to be answerable for their distress who were no more answerable for it than they were for the wind or the weather—when I contrast that conduct with the perfectly different behaviour of the working classes upon the present occasion, I cannot withhold my wonder and admiration. (Cheers.) But I am also bound to consider to what this difference is owing. I ascribe it to the progress they have made during the last forty years in education and on the acquisition of knowledge, enlightening their minds as to the causes to which their distress is traceable. I have heard it said that their education ought to have taught them to lay by for bad times. What! Education should have taught them what their masters, their betters, wealthier and more educated classes knew nothing about and never foresaw—a cotton famine? That calamity they could not foresee nor provide against any more than their masters; but as far as their ordinary wants were concerned they did provide in savings-banks, life insurance, and co-operative societies, so as to economise means for their ordinary and even considerably in excess of their ordinary requirements. No doubt, for such an unexpected crisis as that which the cruel state of affairs on the other side of the Atlantic has produced, they have made and could make no provision. And now I will just say a word about the other side of the Atlantic. That cruel and unnatural civil war which is afflicting us so many miles off is one of the most lamentable events of our day. I do not pretend to know more than my noble friend at the head of the Government, who has admitted that he cannot predict any speedy termination to this conflict. England and France have looked with perfect feelings of kindness and friendship towards both of the contending parties, for which reason, perhaps, they are not much liked by either. (Laughter.) But if there is little chance of any effectual advice being given, or of any intervention of another description being come to by the powers of Europe, at least let them listen to their own advocates in this country—we who supported them half a century ago, when no one else said a word in their favour—we who were charged with being almost seditions, if not treasonable, advocates of America against our own country in the disputes then existing; let them listen to our advice, to our strong and earnest entreaty, that they would as speedily as possible put an end to this cruel and unnatural war.

A LEECH AND HIS LEECHES

On Saturday, an inquiry was held at the Queen's Head Tavern, Broad-street, Shadwell, by Mr. Walthew, deputy-coroner, respecting the death of Henry Jago, aged two years. Anna Jago, Painter's-row, wife of a dock labourer, said that about a fortnight ago her child got ill, and she took him to Dr. Hawkins, the parish doctor, who gave him some medicine. He recovered to all appearance perfectly. On the previous Tuesday night, however, the child became very bad with a cough, and it being too late to go to the parish doctor, she went to a chemist, who said that deceased was too dangerously ill for any one but a doctor to interfere. She then took deceased to Dr. Arnold, of Brook-street. That gentleman said that the child was dying of cramp, and he said, "You must have some leeches and a powder." Witness said, "Well, Dr. Arnold, I have not the money at this moment; will you be so kind as to let me have the leeches until morning, and I will then pay you?" Dr. Arnold said nothing, but walked away. A lady came in, and he paid her every attention. Witness, after waiting, said, "I have not even a penny now. I will go and try if I can't get the money to get the things." Dr. Arnold said, "Very well; you had better get the things, or you will lose your child." Witness tried to borrow the money, but failed, as all the neighbours were in bed. The child died next morning at seven o'clock. By the jury: Witness had got medicine on three or four occasions previously from Dr. Arnold, but had never neglected to pay him or required credit. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from inflammation of the windpipe."

FEARFUL AND MYSTERIOUS DEATH

A FEARFUL death has just occurred at Rhondda Valley, near Pontypridd, Glamorganshire. On Sunday evening, the 2d inst., a young woman named Jane Lewis left her uncle's house to attend Divine service, as was her usual custom, at a chapel about a mile distant. She was engaged to a young man who attended the same chapel and who generally accompanied her home. Finding her absent from the evening service he proceeded to her uncle's house and there found that she had left with the view of going to chapel, and had not been seen since. Inquiries were made, and upon proceeding through a plantation about 100 yards from her uncle's house the body of the young woman was found lying in a pool of blood, her throat being cut in a horrible manner from ear to ear. The body was conveyed to the uncle's house, and upon a further search being made a razor belonging to the servant man was found a short distance from the spot where the body was discovered. The inquest commenced on Tuesday, but none of the witnesses save the slightest clue as to whether the horrible deed was done by the young woman herself or whether she had been murdered. It was determined to adjourn the inquest, and since then the servant man has been taken into custody on suspicion.

AN EXILED MONARCH.—A private letter from a recent visitor at Rome says that the ex-King of Naples is living at Albano, in a very small house. "He is an ugly, mean-looking fellow; we often saw him, and it is singular enough no one bows to him, not even the poorest contadino."

FATAL DUEL.—A fatal duel took place a few days ago, at Nismes, between two sub-officers of the 11st regiment of the line, named Sizalon and Jude. A corporal had complained of the harsh treatment he had received from Sizalon, when Jude interfered, and recommended his brother officer to use more moderation towards a man whose conduct had been always irreproachable. This interference exasperated Sizalon, who made use of some insulting language, and the result was that a duel was decided on. An application was on the following day made to the colonel for authorization to fight with pistols, which was refused, as was also a request at the gendarmie barracks for the loan of a brace of pistols. Foils were then decided on, and a meeting took place of set to the barracks, and, at the second pass, Sizalon was run through the heart and fell dead on the spot. The deceased was only thirty, and had obtained his military medal.

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NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		I. B.
			A. M.	P. M.	
15	S	...	7 20	7 55	
16	S	22nd Sunday aft. Trinity	8 30	9 55	
17	M	...	9 40	10 15	
18	T	Length of day, 8h. 43m.	10 50	11 20	
19	W	...	11 45	—	
20	T	Edmund, King and Martyr	0 15	0 35	
21	F	Princess Royal born	1 0	1 25	

MOON'S CHANGES.—New Moon, 21st, 6h. 15m. p.m.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B. (Lewes).—Thanks, but we have not room.
J. W. (Hammer-smith).—Declined, with thanks.
MARIA (Hoxton).—There is a remedy against persons for keeping a dog or dogs loose on their premises, by which parties going to the house in the exercise of their lawful calling are liable to be bit. The remedy is by action. In "Sarch v. Blackburn, 4 Q. B. 297," Tindal, C. J., expressed himself on the subject in the following terms:—"I think a man has no right to place a dog so near the door of his house that any person coming to ask for money, or on other business, might be bitten; and so with respect to a footpath, though it be a private one, a man has no right to put a dog with such a length of chain and so near the path that he could bite a person going along it."
Z. Z.—The removal of the goods having been clandestine, they may be followed and distrained for the rent in the arrears at any time within thirty days of their removal; but if not followed, the tenant may be sued at any time within six years, in an action for the recovery of the rent.
S. M.—Firemen, with their apparatus, &c., may enter upon private premises and break open doors, &c.; in fact, do anything they like with a view to extinguishing a fire; and there is a penalty upon persons obstructing them in the performance of their duty.
IDA JANEASKA.—Will any of your lady readers please to oblige me, through your "Illustrated Weekly News," with the best mode of cleaning the thread elastic stockings?

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—The tale you mention will, from circumstances it is unnecessary here to state, not be continued. We think the President was lost in 1844; of course the month and day is unknown to all mankind.

N. Y.—Apply at Bear-street, Leicester-square.
CAN any of our readers in or out of our subscribers where, in London, fishing news are made by machinery?

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

ANXIOUS to bring the war to the close, and at the same time resolved to do nothing without the concurrence of the leading Powers of Europe, the Emperor Bonaparte has employed all the resources of diplomacy in order to obtain a solution of the difficulty, and we have reason to believe that he has been successful. It is well known that the most intimate relationship exists between Russia and the Northern States of America. During the Crimean war the latter rendered the Muscovite important services, which have not been forgotten. Napoleon, therefore, felt that any line of action in which Russia could be induced to join would possess an important recommendation to the Americans. Duly impressed with this idea, he has, we believe, induced Russia to give her assent to join in proposing an armistice of six months' duration to the belligerents. We understand that this assent is conditional on the co-operation of the English Government being obtained, and we do not for one moment suppose that they will withhold their concurrence in such a moderate proposal, supported by two of the leading Powers of Europe. It is generally felt that the war has raged long enough, and that in the interest of the Americans, even more than in that of our suffering operatives at home, a decisive attempt to secure the cessation of hostilities ought to be made by the principal European Powers. Were an armistice signed the blockade would be at once raised, and a fair opportunity afforded to the rival sections of the United States for arranging their differences. It will be impossible for any American party to contend that this intervention, which is first proposed by France, is seconded by Russia, and will only be adhered to by England, in spite of her interest in it, after some pressure, is inspired by hatred to the North or sympathy with the South. It must appear to the whole body of the people as a declaration from Europe that success in the war is impossible, and that its continuance can only occasion further enormous and utterly resultless sacrifices of men and women—a declaration emanating, in the first instance, from Powers who have always looked upon the preservation of the power of the United States as in the highest degree desirable in their own interests, inasmuch as they have seen in it a counterpoise to the naval strength of England, and who consequently would not have come forward to insist upon the termination of the war and the division of the Union if they had not believed that all attempts to preserve it would be vain, and that the North can only ruin itself by its persistence in them. No one will believe that this joint interposition is prompted by anything else than a conviction that the prolongation of the struggle would be a useless waste of American life and resources. Nor will the intervention be unacceptable to Mr. Lincoln and his Ministers. They feel now that the maintenance of the Union is hopeless, but they have not courage to say so and propose peace. They would be delighted to yield, protesting their indignation, to the pressure of the three intervening Powers. There can be no doubt that the Americans are now looking to Europe to help them against themselves. Their protests can deceive no one. The announcement that a joint intervention had been resolved on would send a thrill of joy throughout the wealthier and more intelligent circles of the leading States. To urge that it would be successful, is, indeed, only to urge a patent fact. No one can pretend that the people of the North are in a condition, even if they were inclined, which, as we have shown, is not the case, to refuse to agree in the first instance to any armistice, and then to any peace, which the intervening Powers might recommend. Can the English Government, then, refuse its co-operation in this noble work? It rests now with Lord Palmerston and his colleagues to determine whether the misery of Lancashire shall be protracted and the strength of America utterly wasted. If they accept the proposition of the Emperor of the French, and join with him and the Emperor of Russia in terminating hostilities, the cotton, for the want of which the operatives of the north are dragging out a wretched existence by charitable doles, will soon be on its way across the Atlantic. We know that there is cotton in the South; we know, too, that the suspension of hostilities would bring it forward. And what would it cost us? Not a single life, not a single charge of powder. Europe has the right to interfere and terminate a struggle which it has allowed to go on spite of the suffering it has entailed upon her, so long as there remained any chance that the Union could be restored. Its interference would be welcome in America; it would stop a waste of blood and treasure which the combatants themselves begin to contemplate with horror; it would save whole districts of Europe from irreparable ruin. For let charity be as active as it may, it can never supply the wages which the want of cotton takes from the labourers; it can only give them bread where they once had meat, and but half a loaf where they once had a whole loaf. The men and women whom it succours may live no, but they will lose half their strength of mind and body. If disease makes its appearance amongst them they will fall unresisting before it; when work comes again they will be unequal to it. And, above all, the habits, mental and bodily, which this enforced idleness, this dependence on charity, must generate, can only work most deplorable to the degradation of a class which once stood at the head of our working population. It is, we repeat, for the Government to say whether this ruin, the foretaste of which we already experience, shall be brought in all its horror on the land.

LONDON has enjoyed its annual civic holiday. The dark and sloppy November day which seldom fails to spite the bravery of our City magnates was present in all its power. There was crowd enough to make every shopkeeper in the great thoroughfares close his shutters. The men in armour were very numerous, perhaps in compliment to the revival of iron-plating in modern warfare.

Many a prudent apprentice estimated the weight of bullion upon the Sheriff's liveries, and mourned over so much capital taken out of business. The magnificent footmen stalking through the dirt in their wonderful costumes delighted the ill-clad multitude, and many a rather discontented tradesman, peering through his half-closed windows, mentally counted up the cost and made disparaging observations. But as the crowd, who were not to eat any of the dinner, and who get nothing out of the City but this annual gratification, seemed satisfied that it was altogether a good show, the philosophers and the grumblers may let the gaudy anachronism flout by, repressing their moral or their selfish malediction. The time may come when all this muddy magnificence may melt away into one great ungilded metropolitan mass; when men in armour will be no more seen in the streets; when even Temple Bar may disappear; when Gog and Magog may be represented by orators bearing a sort of wooden family likeness to them at the Metropolitan Board of Works, and when even the Lord Mayor himself, with all that appertains to his mayoralty, may be swallowed up in a great metropolitan corporation, just as the temporal power of the Pope and Papacy may haply be absorbed in an united Italy. Meantime, let us take our place at the feet of the speakers, and tell what intellectual entertainment the Lord Mayor had provided for those within and those without the Guildhall. It has sometimes happened that this great banquet—as splendid, as Lord Palmerston said, as any Sovereign could spread—has been seized upon by the Ministers of the Crown to foreshadow a policy, or to cast a defiance, or to whisper a warning. The two thousand guests, therefore, are always anxious listeners, and the Minister speaks before a commercial multitude to whom every word has a weight which may be reckoned in ingots. The obvious topic of the evening was the coming of age of the Prince of Wales; and, as the decorations of the hall contained all that can be said or sung or painted of former Princes of Wales, so every speech naturally contained some more or less happy allusion to the education, the prospects, and the expected career of the present Prince of Wales. Tribute, however, having been paid to this subject, there was an evident hope among the banqueters that some revelation might be made as to the prospects of the cotton industry. The French papers had been tracing the programme of a new diplomatic campaign. The Emperor of the French was, according to their information, about to propose to Russia and England to recommend an armistice, and to advise the immediate raising of the blockade. Lord Palmerston, speaking before the citizens of London, might have something to say upon a subject on which *La Patrie* speaks so confidently. But the guests got nothing out of Lord Palmerston on Monday night. He deplored the cotton destitution, as we all must deplore it, and he deplored the American civil war, as we all must also deplore it. He did not, however, give the least intimation that he was about to interfere to put an end to the civil war. So far from this, he declared that he saw no prospect of an end, and he pointed to India as our most obvious resource under our present destitution. Politically, therefore, the great London banquet was a blank. We may depend upon it that no one had anything to say, or he would have gone there to say it. Thus passes our Lord Mayor's Day, and leaves no track behind it. There was a sort of barbaric middle age pageantry about it which gives it a certain historic significance. It is the husk of a very ancient fruit, and now and then the husk is found to have a kernel. On this occasion, however, it was a mere civic pageant, and so let it go.

MYSTERIOUS CASE OF POISONING IN WILTSHIRE.

THE secluded hamlet of Ludwell, in Wiltshire, has been thrown into a state of great excitement by the discovery of what is feared to be a very foul and mysterious murder by poisoning. In Ludwell lives Mr. John Riddle, a wheelwright, who was held in very high estimation by his neighbours. His wife, Ann Riddle, died on the 2nd of October, after an illness of some time, and the investigation into the cause of her death is likely to have a very serious aspect. At the first inquiry, held before Mr. Nelson, one of the coroners for Wilts, Dr. Shettle, of Shaftesbury, was the principal witness examined. He said he had attended Mrs. Riddle professionally since the 25th of August last. When he first attended her she appeared to be suffering from irritation of the stomach, and Dr. Shettle prescribed remedies for that complaint. These, however, produced no effect, and the patient's sufferings continued, sickness and retching following after she had eaten or drunk anything. The doctor on finding this suspected that some irritant had been administered to the deceased, and expressed that opinion to the husband, who stated that that was impossible, since almost everything given to his wife was prepared at the house of a friend and neighbour named Mrs. Trowbridge, a schoolmistress in the village, who was in constant attendance on Mrs. Riddle. After some opposition on the part of her husband, Dr. Shettle called in Dr. Roberts, of Salisbury, who saw the patient on the 14th. To him Dr. Shettle communicated his suspicions, but that gentleman did not entirely concur in the opinion, and thought the case one of malignant disorder of the stomach. The case was looked upon by both as a hopeless one, and no medicine was administered after the 8th. Mrs. Riddle died on the 2nd. On the 24th Dr. Shettle made, on his own responsibility, a post mortem examination of the deceased, which was at first objected to by Mrs. Trowbridge. The intestines and omentum were much inflamed, but the lungs, heart, and pericardium were particularly healthy. The œsophagus, stomach, bowels, and liver, were placed in a jar, which was sealed and forwarded to Dr. Herapath, of Bristol. Dr. Shettle doing this without communicating with the family of the deceased woman. He strongly suspected that Mrs. Riddle had died from poison. The body was subsequently disinterred, and examined by Mr. Cardell, surgeon, of Salisbury. He found a remarkable absence of decomposition, and no trace whatever of any organic disease. He also was of opinion that a violent poison had been administered. As Dr. Herapath could not conclude his analysis for some time, the inquiry was adjourned till the 21st inst. Mrs. Trowbridge is meanwhile in custody, and stands remanded. The other portion of the body has, by direction of the coroner, been sent to another analytical chemist.—*Western Daily Press*.

RATHER TOO CAREFUL.—The *Independence* says:—"The loss sustained by HADFIELD—Money has just been exemplified at Oxford. A respectable woman, aged eighty-three, feeling her end approach, called her son to her, and told him to look in a certain place, where he would find a bag containing a sum of money, which belonged to him, and which she advised him to make good use of. She had, she said, laid it by for him in 1820, on the day of his first communion. The son found in the bag 67½ Dutch florin pieces (about £6 0). Had the old lady placed the sum of that compound interest, her son would now have had a fortune of more than £1,000."

The Court.

THE Queen, accompanied by Princess Alexandra, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, drove out at Osborne on Sunday morning. Lord C. Fitz Roy was in attendance. Her Majesty, their Royal Highnesses Princess Alexandra, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and Prince Leopold attended Divine service this morning at Osborne. The Rev. G. Prothero officiated.

The Prince of Wales takes possession of his newly-acquired estate in Norfolk, purchased by his royal highness's solicitor, Mr. White, of Great Marlborough-street. It was purchased from the Right Hon. William Cowper M.P. for £220,000. The library of the mansion contains 3,000 volumes of valuable and rare works. The furniture is all nearly new, having been recently supplied by Gillow. There are thirty bedrooms, and a proportionate number of reception-rooms. In the purchase all the timber on the estate is included, which is some of the finest in England. There are also 100 acres of wooded land, and £7,000 a-year from rents, which is secure, as the tenants are all respectable and well off, one tenant alone paying £1,000 a-year. The fishing is excellent, and the shooting, like most shooting in Norfolk, first-rate, including black-cock amongst other game. The railway is within two miles.—*Court Journal*.

A HAPPY COUPLE.

IF we may judge from the statements and rumours circulated in New York, scandal will not let the too-distinguished barrister, Mr. Edwin James, remain quiet in his new home on the other side of the Atlantic. According to the reports, not only current but fully credited, when he and his wife were living on the Continent, after having left England, occasional jars disturbed their domestic felicity, Mrs. James unkindly insisting that her husband was too lavish in the expenditure of the money which he was so fortunate as to get partial control of by marrying her. It may be that she hoped to prevent him from squandering the funds so freely by consenting to follow him to America; but the same, or some equally potent cause, has worked mischief in the "happy family" since their arrival in New York. Mr. and Mrs. James took up their residence until recently at a fashionable hotel, known as the Albemarle. To outward appearances matters went along smoothly there until a very recent period, when the aristocratic guests were shocked by a most remarkable domestic outbreak. It even went so far that Mrs. James not only denounced her spouse as a spendthrift, but declared publicly that he was not as faithful to his marital vows as he ought to be. For their own sakes, as well as for the reputation of the house, the couple were obliged to seek quarters elsewhere. Mr. James, as will be remembered, was one of the counsel for the defence in the Real case, which was disposed of very recently in New York. Mrs. Real, or the lady who insists that she has a right to that name, shot the man whom she claimed as her husband because she suspected him of coquetting with other women. The case offered Mr. James an admirable opportunity for the display of his peculiar style of eloquence, and the public was on the *qui vive* to hear its closing plea on behalf of the defendant. The court-room was thronged, as might have been expected, and the circumstances in every respect were such as to arouse any man who had any ambition in him to peculiar and extraordinary exertions; but Mr. James's arguments, strange to say, were considered lame, and his rhetoric commonplace and vapid. During the greater part of the trial, and all the time while Mr. James was speaking, Mrs. James occupied a seat in the court room; and those who were in her vicinity were constantly annoyed at her singularly virulent and ill-natured comments upon her husband's oratory. Three or four times she talked in so loud a tone that Mr. James was moved to turn towards her with a deprecating glance, but in vain. No wonder that he failed alike in logic and in eloquence. It leaked out after the trial that Mrs. James, before the case came on, warned her husband that he must not enlarge, in his address to the jury, upon the deep provocation given to Mrs. Real by her husband's notorious *liasons*, threatening that, if he did, she would in the most emphatic way denounce him in open court for the same species of marital delinquency. The result was that Mr. James durst not touch upon the proscribed topic, and his address to the jury was thereby deprived of its chief pith and point. In another case in which he was concerned, involving sundry revelations touching the moral lapses of individuals high in the social scale, the counsel opposed to Mr. James was in the constant receipt of notes from some unknown person, suggestive of certain weak points in Mr. James's career which might be adverted to with telling effect. He was curious enough to trace the authorship of these billets, and was infinitely astonished, if not delighted, to find that his anonymous correspondent was none other than Mrs. James herself.

THE DUEL AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE duel between Major R. A. Rhett and Colonel Calhoun, which occurred lately, is thus described by the *Mobile Advertiser*:—"Besides the principals and their surgeons, it is said there were six gentlemen present at the meeting, three State senators, the speaker of the House of Representatives of North Carolina, a leading member of the State Convention, and a captain. Two of the senators also hold commissions as officers of the army. The arrangements of the meeting were conducted throughout with the nicest regard for the etiquette of the 'code,' and I have heard of several of those who were on the ground, who expressed their belief that a more fairly-fought duel never occurred. Major Rhett, the challenged party, waived the 'drop' shot, which he preferred, and shot the 'rise.' He was dressed in full uniform; Colonel Calhoun in citizen's dress. Both fired almost simultaneously, Major Rhett in an instant after Colonel Calhoun. The latter missed, and fell with a ball through the middle of his body. He survived about an hour. The quarrel which led to this unfortunate result is said to have had its origin as long ago as April, 1861, at the time of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, in what Major Rhett considered repeated official trespasses of his inferior officer. These led to the use on his part of offensive language; and the repetition since of these alleged trespasses, and the offensive words by which they were met, have aggravated and complicated the affair. No explanation was asked or given. The immediate cause of meeting was a recent duel between Major Rhett and a friend of Colonel Calhoun, who, though aware of existing difficulty, had eulogized Colonel Calhoun in the presence of Major Rhett. Therefore Major Rhett repeated his former denunciations of Colonel Calhoun, which the friend of the latter resented as an insult to himself and demanded satisfaction. In this first duel Major Rhett received two fires of his adversary, he himself firing his second shot in the air. Here the meeting ended. In both duels Major Rhett was pre-emptorily challenged. It is said that in the latter affair it was proposed on the part of the challenger that firing in the air should not be allowed."

FROM the numerous examples of the Sewing Machine exhibited, we select one, because it is the one that has been best subjected to the influence of Art. It is indeed a very handsome piece of drawing-room furniture, and may be properly placed among articles of a more ambitious character. It is certainly the best of many candidates for public favour, and is known as the "Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine." Circulars post free, on application at No. 1, Ludgate Hill, E.C.—*Art Journal*, August, 1862.

ALDERMAN ROSE, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

ALDERMAN ROSE, the present Lord Mayor of London, whose portrait we here give, and whose career in life is so well described by the Recorder of London to the Lord Chief Baron (given on page 84), is comparatively a young man to fill the high office he now occupies. Lord Mayor Rose is in his forty-fourth year. He is a Conservative in politics, and is now one of the candidates for the representation of Southampton. He was very active in the formation of the London Rifle Brigade, of which volunteer corps he is major.

THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES.

A TURIN letter of November 2, in the *Patrie*, says:—

"The ex-Queen of Naples is about to return to Rome. It required nothing less than the eloquence of Mgr. Nardi, who was sent to the Franciscan Convent at Munich, after the check experienced by Mgr. Grasselini, to persuade her to go back to her husband. It is in the Farnese Palace, and not in the Vatican, that Francis II and his wife will re-commence the experiment of a marriage. At the Queen-Mother Maria Theresa will continue to live in the apostolical palace. This arrangement explains the enigma which has long supplied food for ill-natured surmises. Most painful reasons have been assigned for the separation of the de-throned King and his wife, but they are quite unfounded. The truth is, that the young Queen, who is of a sprightly, joyous nature, was constantly scolded by her mother-in-law, who formerly at Naples, and lately at the Quirinal, insisted upon that stiff and wearisome etiquette which prevails at the Austrian Court. The young Queen got so thoroughly tired of her mother-in-law's 'knagging' that she ran away, with the full intention not to return. Mgr. Nardi proposed to her, as terms of capitulation on the part of her husband, that the Queen-Mother should not live with them, and that the young couple should have a separate establishment at the Farnese Palace. These terms are accepted, and the wife of Francis II has promised to leave the convent in which she had sought a refuge."

CASE OF SEDUCTION AND BREACH OF PROMISE.

In the Bail Court has been tried a case, *Books v. Graves*, being an action to recover compensation in damages for the seduction of the plaintiff's daughter. The defendant pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. Francis were counsel for the plaintiff; the defendant did not appear. The plaintiff is a parish clerk and labourer, near Bromley; and the defendant is the son of a substantial farmer in Kent, and he



WILLIAM ANDERSON ROSE, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

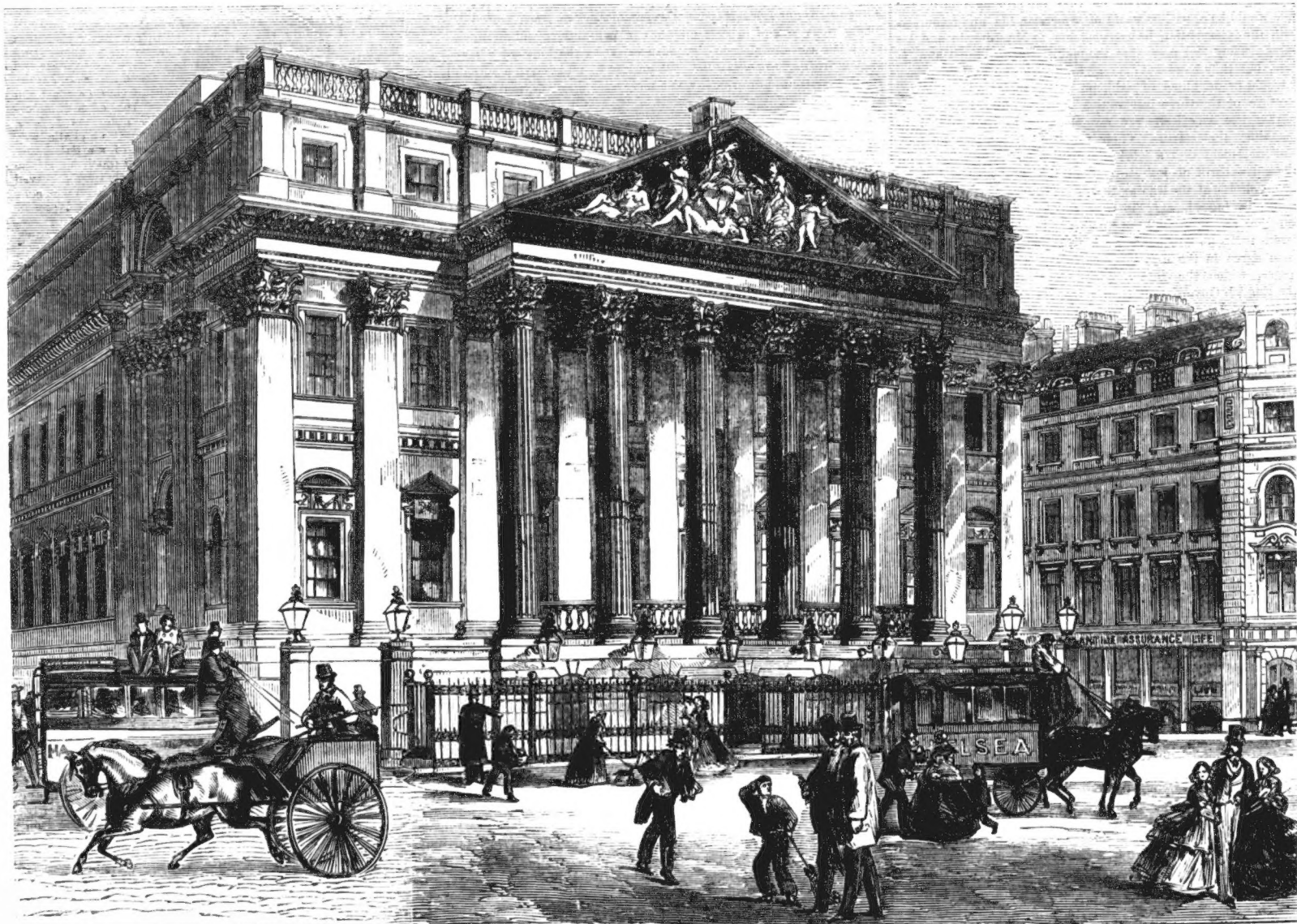
brought the action for the loss of his daughter's services. The defendant was stated to be thirty-five years of age, and the plaintiff, a simple-looking country girl, twenty-six.

Putnam Brooks deposed that she was twenty-six years of age, and the youngest child of her parents. The defendant resides with his father, and she had known him for years. About three years ago he kept company with him, and he promised her marriage. It was under that promise that she yielded to his wishes. She was delivered of a child on the 23rd of June, 1861. When she found herself pregnant she said to him, "John, do you know what is the matter with me?" he said, "No," and she replied, "I am in the family way." He said, "Never mind; we will soon make all things right." She frequently spoke to him about it. After the birth of the child he came to the house and asked to see it, but he did not, as it was asleep. He said, "I hear you have been to Mr. Waring and Mr. Freeman, the magistrates." I replied, "So I have." On which he rejoined, "You may go to them if you like." (Laughter.) She took out an affidavit summons, but it was dismissed. She was confined at her father's house. He did not know of the defendant's courting her. He often came to the house to talk to her. (Laughter.) It was in the day time, and the intercourse between them took place in the day time, and during the absence of her parents. She had been a good girl up to that time. (Laughter.)

George Brooks, the father, deposed that he had lived in his cottage forty years, and had brought up nine children. He had officiated as parish clerk since 1819. He was not aware that the defendant had offered his daughter marriage. His other daughters had married and had had large families.

The learned judge having summed up, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 40*l*.

A GREAT SUFFERER BY REVOLUTIONS.—King Louis of Bavaria, who abdicated after the insurrection of 1848, sees his family extensively affected by the dynastic changes which have taken place since 1849. His second son is Otho, the ex-King of Greece, born on the 1st of June, 1815; his third, Luitpold, is married to a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; one of his daughters to the Duke of Modena; and one of his grandsons, or his youngest son Adalbert, was to have succeeded Otho on the throne of Greece. Lastly, the Queen of Naples and her sister, the Countess de Trani, belong to a collateral branch of the royal family, that of Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria. The House of Wittelsbach has therefore suffered most materially from the revolutions of Germany, Italy, and Greece, and its members might give a second representation of the famous dinner at Venice mentioned in Voltaire's "Candide."—*Le Temps*.



THE MANSION HOUSE, CITY OF LONDON—THE RESIDENCE OF THE LORD MAYOR. (See page 86.)

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THE LORD MAYOR'S DAY.—ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT WESTMINSTER HALL. (See page 84.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

PRINCESSES—A very clever and entertaining comedy, entitled "One Good Turn Deserves Another," adapted from the French by J. M. Morton, was produced on Monday last with great success. The plot is cunningly contrived, and full of interest of the most amusing character, and is full of mirth and merriment from beginning to end. Miss Amy Sedgwick—who perhaps was never seen to greater advantage—performed with incomparable spirit and vivacity. Her rustic manners and simplicity delighted every one. Miss M. Jones and Mrs. H. Marston are also worthy of the highest commendation. Mr. G. Vining, as the bluff and hearty blacksmith, was all that could be desired. The piece was admirable throughout, and received with immense applause and roars of laughter.

OLYMPIC—A new piece, by Mr. Watts Phillips, was produced on Monday night at this theatre, and received with more than ordinary favour. The play interested the audience from the very beginning. The principal actors were called on at the end of each act. Mr. Gibson announced the piece for repetition every night, amidst the approbation of all present. The scenery, by Messrs. Grieve and Elbin, is all new, and all remarkably well painted.

SADLER'S WELLS—A short time since this theatre was considered and held up by the profession as perhaps the only one devoted to the legitimate drama. Under the management of our best of living actors, Mr. Phelps, it reached the highest possible position. Lately Mr. Phelps has given up the reins of government, which is much to be regretted. For, instead of the plays of our best authors, we have inferior dramas indifferently represented. No wonder the house should have so fallen in public estimation. Fortunately, an opera company, under the direction of Mr. Rosenthal, have taken the theatre for a few nights during the present week. The "Trovatore" and "Maritana" have been produced with every possible care. The company consists of Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. Rosenthal, the baritone (an artistic and clever actor), Madame Fournier, Miss Heywood, and others of eminence, assisted by an efficient chorus and band, the latter under the direction of Mr. Tully. The houses have been good; and we heartily wish a continuance of the success this highly talented opera troupe have at present met with.

CITY THEATRE—Mr. G. V. Brooke is still performing at this theatre to numerous and delighted audiences. No one knows better how to cater for the public than Mr. Nelson Lee; already, we hear, he is hard at work at his forthcoming Christmas pantomime.

The "Peep o' Day" completed its twelfth month's uninterrupted run on Monday.

The New Royalty Theatre opened again on Saturday. The names of Mr. Emery, Mr. Leigh Murray, and Mr. Mowbray are, we see, included in the company.

Miss Marriott, the talented directress of the Standard Theatre, took her benefit on Tuesday. Mr. Creswick kindly aided her by impersonating *Claud Marotte*, in "The Lady of Lyons." We are happy to add a crowded house testified to the high estimation in which the fair benefactress is here held.

Mr. J. W. Atson takes a benefit at the Adelphi on the 19th inst., on which occasion Mr. Webster, Mr. Buckstone, and Mrs. Griffiths give their valuable services.

THE AMERICAN WAR AND THE CLERGY.

The following is taken from a New York letter:—"The part taken by the clergy in the war has been marked and decided, both in the North and the South. In the North, while the Episcopalians have been neutral, the Presbyterians, the Puritans, and even the Unitarian pastors have been aggressive, violent, unreasonable, and vindictive. If the solution of the difficulty could have been left to their hands, and they had the means to convert their bloodthirsty theories into facts, the extermination of the Southern people would long ago have been attempted. They have evinced the true spirit of persecutors, and some of them in this city have manifested as little reluctance to the use of the stake and the gibbet against the friends of the South as inquisitors in Spain would have exhibited against heretics. In the South the clergy have been less violent and more charitable, with the single exception of the renegade Parson Brownlow. The Episcopalians have prayed for the President of the Confederate instead of the United States; and in New Orleans and Nashville, and other places temporarily occupied by Federal armies, where they have not been permitted to offer up prayers for Mr. Jefferson Davis, they have refrained from substituting the name of any other magistrate. This course of proceeding has in many instances led to the closing of their churches, and in Nashville to the imprisonment of several of the most zealous clergymen, by order of Governor Johnson. In New Orleans, with such a man as Butler to deal with, the preachers have been unusually cautious; but hitherto that redoubtable general, foiled, or, at all events damaged in reputation by his attack upon the ladies, has been chary of meddling with the church or the chapel. But the rigour of his rule has been contagious among his subordinates, and the little Jacks in office have taken pride in imitating the insolence of their master. A recent letter from New Orleans narrates a curious instance of military tyranny which has occurred in that city. On Sunday, the 12th inst., a person in civilian costume entered the church of St. Paul, nearly opposite to the headquarters of the general and took his seat among the congregation. The service proceeded in the usual way, until the preacher came to that part of the ritual when prayer should have been offered up for the chief magistrate. Substituting no other name for that of the President of the United States, he simply omitted the passage, and was proceeding to the next, when the stranger rose up and with a loud voice exclaimed: 'Hold on! Amid the flutter of excitement caused among the congregation by the interruption, he proceeded to say that he had attended church with the expectation of hearing the service read without mutilation, that he had been disappointed, that he was a major in the army of the United States, and that he felt it his duty to close the church immediately, and keep it closed until a 'Christian' minister could be obtained to officiate in lieu of the person who had just desecrated the sanctuary. The major, therefore, ordered the people to 'clear out,' and being obedient as Americans always are, they 'cleared out' accordingly. It does not appear whether General Butler approved or disapproved the proceeding; but if the church remains closed it must be supposed that he has sustained the action of his subordinate. It is not imperative in the North or West that a clergyman should pray for the President, or that he should pray at all, if he have any objection to do so; but in the dominions of Butler the case appears to be different. The alliance of Church and State, repudiated all over America is enforced in those unhappy regions by the sword; and Butler, like the Pope at Rome, or the Czar at Moscow, is not only the temporal, but the spiritual ruler, and claims as much right to regulate men's prayers as to clean the streets, feed runaway negroes, or hang traitors who pull down his flag. The reporter of the occurrence states that after the doors were closed the major left, and the congregation dispersed one after the other in any mood but one consistent with the Sabbath day; and perhaps, as he might have added, without any increase of loyalty and good feeling towards the Northern Government that could authorize or permit such an outrage."

IMPERIAL tea not covered with colour prevents the Chinese passing off inferior leaves, hence Hornum's tea is the purest, cheapest, and best. Sold by 2,280 agents.

Sporting.

EXCITING SCULLERS' RACE FOR £50.

By far the finest scullers' race seen this season, and the finest we have had to chronicle for many a day, was rowed on Monday, from Putney to Mortlake, for £25 aside. The competitors were William Spencer, a landsman of the Temple, and Frank Kilsby, a waterman's apprentice, of the Old Bridge-house, who, it will be remembered, contended a few months since, when Spencer, who is five or six years his opponent's senior, and has rowed some few races, while the other is a mere novice, gave two lengths a start, and Kilsby, going away from the first, won as he liked. There is no doubt that Spencer was in no sort of condition on the day, and his friends therefore backed him again, the men to start level. Both had taken every care of themselves, and came to the post in excellent condition. The Citizen steamer accompanied the race with a large party on board, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and whose patience was sorely tried, as, instead of starting at three o'clock, the men did not get off till nearly half past four, and reached Mortlake in semi-darkness. The umpires were Mr. Clifton for Spencer, and Mr. Jones for Kilsby; while Mr. H. Pius, of the William the Fourth, Thames-bank, Pimlico, acted as the referee. After a vast amount of fiddling they got off at 4.22, Spencer on the Middlesex side, and remained level for 200 yards, when Spencer began to draw in front, and was half his length ahead at the Star and Garter, going clear, and nearly fouling 200 yards farther on. Directly afterwards Kilsby drew upon him, but Spencer spurred away, and increased his lead to the best part of a clear length at the point, where Kilsby again went at it with a will, but was balked by the wash of both his opponent and a waterman's apprentice, who was rowing ahead of him. The same positions were maintained till they had passed Craven Cottage, when there was another fine spurt from Kilsby, who, when near the Crabtree, drew on his opponent's stern, and continued to press him very hard till there was a slight touch near Hammersmith-bridge, and another under it. On each occasion Kilsby let his man go ahead, and directly they had passed through the bridge steered out to avoid his wash. The race now became intensely exciting, Kilsby being just on his opponent's quarter till they reached Chiswick Ait, when Kilsby came up level, and there was a splendid struggle between them, till they had reached the top end of the island, where Kilsby went clear in front, and, although closely pressed the remainder of the distance, won by five or six lengths at 4h. 49m. 40s., with a nasty cross wind out and not much tide.

BETWEEN TWO STOLS.

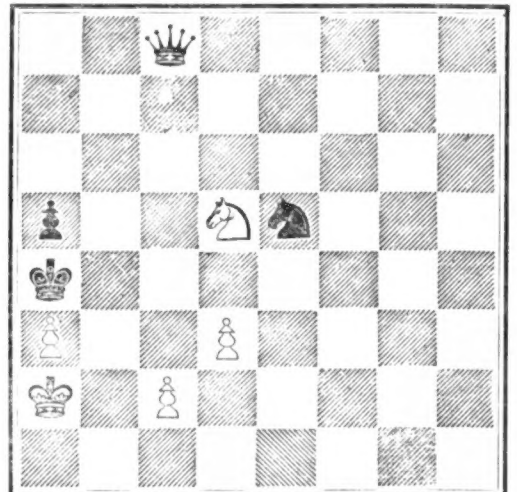
The following is a copy of a letter dated Norfolk, Virginia, October 13, 1861:—"We are daily expecting to hear from you. We are all well yet, and have enough to eat and wear. We are blockaded on both sides, for our people cannot send in supplies, and the United States won't let any come in from the North. How long it will last is yet to be seen. I fear there will be great suffering here this winter for food and fuel. . . . If we were in our own lines we should not want a dollar, but being in Federal lines, and cut off from our people and supplies, and doing no business, we shall be compelled to use some of yours. As to the continuation or duration of the war, we cannot say much. Without foreign intervention it may last some time. The South cannot and will not submit. The North cannot subjugate or conquer us, and unless Europe comes in and commands a peace we shall probably go on mauling and killing each other for some time to come. If England and France would intervene, they could command peace almost immediately. There will be an active campaign for the next two months. Our people are better prepared for the winter than is supposed. We have obtained a decided triumph in Western Virginia, and now have possession of the saltworks there, and salt is a thing for thirty-five cents per bushel, while it is four and five dollars here. The prices charged here for goods brought heretofore by the Yankees are exorbitant. They depreciate our State money one half, and then charge from two to four prices for their things; for instance, hams in New York that are worth from seven to eight cents per lb. are held here at 30 cents; flour, 20 dollars per barrel; sugar, 30 to 33 cents per lb. Of course our people do without anything they can. There is no work to do, they have no income, and very few have any money. Houses bring no rent, and the servants have generally gone. State and town scrip pay no interest—the State, because we cannot send to Richmond to get it; and the town, because we are under military occupation, with civil authority suspended, and have no collection of taxes or income. There seems no settled policy by the Federal Government; their only course seems rule or ruin. The people here are openly and undisguisedly with the South. This is called disloyal; they have no sympathy with the disloyal and this absence of sympathy is coming to be downright inhumanity. All this will become part of history, and be recorded against them. This revolution will be a success. We may meet with some failures and reverses, but we shall accomplish our end. We have not taken the matter in hand to fail in it; it must go on to the end, and we pray God it may soon end. The last card has been played by Mr. Lincoln in his Emancipation Proclamation. So infamous and fiendish a purpose has never before been seen among civilized nations. Already a threatened insurrection has been begun in the plantations near New Orleans. This is the end and object of the war, disguise it as they may. It is abolition by fire and sword, raising the negro above the white man, and in so doing exterminating the whites of the South. Europe may now be prepared for the spectacle she is invited to behold. Let her be invited to the feast of carnage and slaughter, of blood and death, the United States now propose, and let her behold her own kin served up for the banquet for the negro to revel in. Belshazzar's Feast was a shadow to it. As surely as the hand writing was then seen on the wall, so surely shall God let the United States know that they are weighed in the balances and found wanting. We are full of indignation at our threatened destruction, but are not afraid; we are conscious it cannot be accomplished. We trust in God, and shall yet behold His salvation. We await His good time and the means employed. We bear with patience and hope the evil now placed upon us, and suffer with resignation, looking for the end. The end must come. Let us wait for it, and do our duty until the time comes."

THE SEARCH FOR HAYES—Notwithstanding the fruitless results that have up to the present attended the repeated searches for Hayes, the murderer of Mr. Braddell, the authorities appear rather to increase their efforts than relax in de-pair. In addition to the many precautions hitherto adopted to secure the outlaw's apprehension, further measures have now been taken to preclude escape from the country. Believing the wretched fugitive to be wandering about the Irish southern coast in the hopes of embarking in some passing vessel two gunboats, the Blazer and Advice, have been despatched from Queenstown with a large complement of men on board, together with some of the constabulary, for the purpose of cruising off the coasts of Waterford and Cork, and searching the shores. —*Cork Examiner*.

THE MURDERER DUMBLARD—The retired village of Dagnoux (France) was two days since crowded with people from all the country round to witness the sale of effects of the infamous murderer Dumblard. There were at least 1,500 persons present at the sale, which passed off without any remarkable incident. The public seemed most interested in the large collection of spades, shovels and pickaxes, which had probably been used in the interment of his numerous victims.

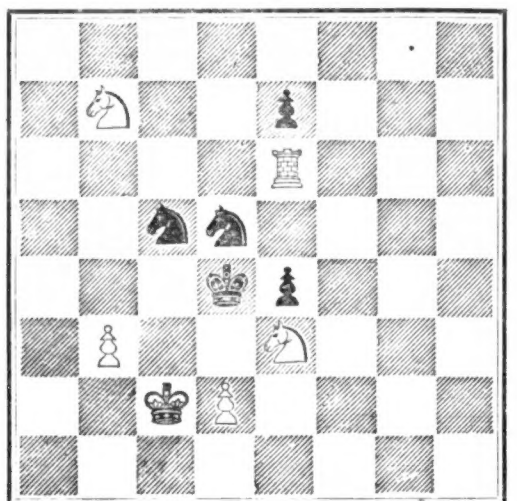
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 71.—By W. LEARNER.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 72.—By H. E. K.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. Tennant and Steinitz.

- | White.
White Mr. T. | Black.
Mr. S. Black. |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K Kt to B 3 | 2. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. R to B 4 |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | 4. B takes P |
| 5. P to Q B 3 | 5. B to B 4 |
| 6. P to Q 4 | 6. P takes P |
| 7. Castles | 7. P to Q 3 |
| 8. P takes P | 8. B to Kt 3 |
| 9. Q Kt to B 3 | 9. B to K Kt 5 |
| 10. P to K R 3 (a) | 10. B to K R 4 |
| 11. P to Q 5 (b) | 11. Kt to K 4 |
| 12. B to K 2 | 12. B takes Kt |
| 13. P takes B (c) | 13. Q to K R 5 |
| 14. K to R 2 | 14. K Kt to B 3 |
| 15. R to K Kt square | 15. B takes K B P |
| 16. R to Kt 2 | 16. K Kt to Kt 5 (ch) (d) |
| 17. B P takes Kt | |

Black mates in two moves.

- (a) His best move is, we believe, B to Q Kt 5. He might, however, also play as advocated by Mr. Fraser—Q to Q R 4.
(b) Taking the Bishop would expose him to a dangerous attack.
(c) This was very ill advised. He should rather have captured with the Bishop.
(d) The termination is singularly ingenious.

ATTEMPT TO ROB A DETECTIVE.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, a tall, ill-looking fellow was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt, at Marlborough-street, as follows:—

Sergeant Joy, 9 C, said: About half past nine last night I was in Regent-street, when I saw the prisoner apparently engaged in admiring the illuminations. I walked down the street, and before going many yards, I found the prisoner's hand in my pocket. (Laughter.) I was in plain clothes at the time.

Mr. Tyrwhitt: Did you not feel nervous? (Laughter.)

Joy: Oh, no, not particularly. (Laughter.)

Mr. Tyrwhitt: Of course you called for a constable?

Joy: He took nothing out of my pocket, as there was only a rattle in it. I saw him take a pocket-handkerchief out of a person's pocket, and then a pair of gloves from a gentleman in court, and I then took him into custody.

Prisoner: Why, the handkerchief was only given to me yesterday morning.

Mr. Tyrwhitt: And by some means got into the person's pocket. Joy: On taking the prisoner into custody he became very violent, and said he would put me under a cab wheel. He also said the handkerchief was not marked, but it was.

Mr. Thomas Richardson, optician, of Ely-place, Holborn, identified the pair of gloves as his property.

Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the prisoner for a week.

A suit of the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, for the restitution of conjugal rights, is to be heard in the Divorce Court during the present term.

POLICE COM. A
M. N. N. N.

FOOTNOTES

WE TRANSFER

A Nakwon Escort—John Argus, a respectfully attired young man—was charged with attempting to push lockers in for the following detainees: Maria Maymard, who wore a general shop at 7, Cameroun signet ring, said in the morning, and a young woman, who was called into her room with a large coat over his arm, and asked for a farthing ball, which was in the extreme corner of the window next the door. The escort passed this key to come round the counter and reach right over to the door. In doing so she held something in her hand, and he had to go down to the door. The door was opened by the coat over his arm on the side of her dress, he apron pro-

CLERKENWELL LL

“*When the boys were in training — Patrick McDonald, a Irishman, a N. Yorker, and a young fellow from Chicago — who had drunk and driven, and McDonald was further charged with assaulting a woman — stable for a longer, 1901. Robert Staples 4213, and William Post, 1, 1, in the execution of their duty. The prisoners were making a great stir over in Leather-lung, and saying out that they would muzzle every Garibaldi that came near them. The police asked them to desist and go away, but they would not and said they would show them how they had fought for the Pope. McDonald at once began kicking the constables, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be got to the station. The other prisoner endeavoured to join the mob to rescue the other man, saying that he was a Pope's man, and that it was a great shame that he should be so treated. In reference, the prisoners said that they were sorry, and would not do like this again. McDonald then said that he would go and get a new one, and a punishment with hard labour, a 100 men be fined 10 or more in ten days' imprisonment. The prisoners were locked up in a cell.*

PERMUTATION AND DISPERSTION.—Elizabeth Graham, a young unfortunate, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with attending to commit suicide. Mr. John Doughty, the landlord of the atheine Wheel Tavern, Great St. Martin-street, said that on Saturday night, a little before twelve, the prisoner came into his house and asked for half a quarten of gin and some water. It was taken to her by his (Mr. Doughty's) servant, who informed him that the prisoner had put a powder into it. He immediately went to the prisoner, when he found her with the glass in her hand, and with the gin in it which appeared like milk. He asked her what she was doing, and she replied, "Nothing," and he asked whether, but that (Mr. Doughty) told him that she was just before she had drunk it, and he then took it away and prevented her swallowing any of the liquid. It was brought out by a constable, and the glass contained a sugar of milk. Mr. Doughty said he understood the prisoner had expressed her intention of committing suicide to several persons. The officer said that on asking her what she had been about, she said, "I'm not at all," but afterwards admitted that she had put sugar of lead into the glass, and on asking her why she did it, she said, "because I am tired of this world." On the previous Friday morning the prisoner and another young woman went down to the Westminster workhouse, and the other young woman was immediately committed to the stocks, and the prisoner was ordered to attend the inquest on the following Tuesday night. The prisoner, in answer to a question by Mr. Tyrwhitt, said she had nothing to say. Mr. Tyrwhitt said she must remain in the prison for a week, as the only means of saving her life after making two attempts at suicide. The other poor girl had braved herself, and that ought to have been a warning to the prisoner. He feared she would have to remain her natural size again, if there was no one to take care of her. The prisoner then returned.

TAG KIRBY, —Piero Ansoni, the Italian changel with stabbing Albert Wardell and another young man in the "hot bed" in Hyde-park, during the "rats at the Gray" day, today meeting," and who has been remanded ever since, was brought before Mr. J. B. Smith for final examination. Albert W. Ide, who has been in St. George's Hospital till Monday, and now appeared in court on crutches, having had evidence read over to him. Timothy Murphy, of 8, Gray's-buildings, Manchester-square, deposed to receiving two cuts on the right hip, the prisoner being close to him at the time. Prisoner stooped down and attempted to stab some other man. His reply was taken to the hospital, and remained there since. A power of attorney from the coroner to the prisoner was handed in, and in his hand at the time. Henry Dalloway, a young man, stated picking up the knife at the bottom of the mound, it being smeared with blood at the time. Some other evidence having been given the prisoner was committed for trial.

DISPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH THREE HIGHWAY ROBBERS AND GARROTTERS.—Three powerful and determined looking fellows, who gave the name of Thomas Crisp and Joseph Crisp, brothers, and George Pratt, who gave their addresses in the neighbourhood of Gospel Oak, 111, Kentish-town, and were described as labourers, were brought before the prisoners, who were last week remanded, have, it is stated, been the terror of Kentish-town for a long while past, committing all kinds of depredations and assaults. Two of the prisoners have before been in the ban of the police authorities, on a good deal of interest, and the third has been credited with many parties being shot, and the taking of a large club of the prisoners as persons who had robbed for garrotts in that neighbourhood. Amongst others was a fore in a young gentleman, who had been on a visit to Judge Holkin, of the Middlesex sessions, and who on returning home along a very lonely part of Maitland-lane, Fitzrovia, and near the St. Mary's Hospital, was set upon by two fellows, one of whom was the prisoner, one of whom, Joseph Crisp, he pulled out, and being overpowered at the station. He was then run down by the other and a prisoner set upon his throat, after which the left side of his face was round, with a rupture of his great vessels in the road mud. The other party, who had a small black necktie, and a small black cap, took his stick from the chain, both the men then jumped the judge and the other, the old lady, who was then in the road, and were out of sight before any harm could be given. Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, defeated Thomas Crisp, Henry Kitchenside, a young man, now deposited at 18, Durdod-street, Kentish-town. On last Saturday night, while I was passing the Gospel Oak public-house, and heard a disturbance from the Gipsy Queen, in the Malden-road. I was going across the road to go home, being a collector. I was just behind the three prisoners. I asked the man Crisp what row that was up at the Gipsy Queen, when I turned and saw an armed man, a soldier, and a man with a stick, and then I smothered my gun, and I killed me, and then they rolled me in the mud. After this they kicked me in my ribs and in my back. I received a severe kick in my jaw, and they "beasted" me about in a frightful manner. I had about 100 men, police, present to try, and I was able to manage to get up, and run away for about twenty yards. I found my money gone. With

SOUTHWARK.

"BILLY BUCHAN AND THE STRIKE.—Hester Mitchell, a freed-looking young woman, rather flabbily attired, and wearing a sailor's hat, was brought before Mr. Buchanan, charged with stealing a dress belonging to Mary Ann White, also a pure containing some silver, the property of William James. The latter person, a singular looking individual, said that he read it with Mrs. White as a laborer. The previous night he met the prisoner, and accompanied her to a public-house, where they had something to drink, and then they went to a room, where he saw her take a dress to remain with him all night. In the same room were several dresses belonging to Mrs. White, which were safe when they went to bed. In the morning he heard a noise, and saw the prisoner run out of the room. He got up, and missed his purse, and afterwards he perceived that a silk dress was gone. He instantly went in pursuit of the prisoner, and on overtaking her, saw the dress fall from her, and he gave her into custody. In cross-examination, White said he had been drinking a little, and he knew the prisoner was drunk, and he did not know whether she was the person who committed the robbery, but he did not see her on getting into bed; he had one bout on and one bout off. (Laughter.) He supposed that was caused by the hurry of getting into bed. (Renewed laughter.) In answer to the charge, the prisoner said that she was extremely foolish in going with the young man, but he declared that she had no intention of committing a robbery. The judge said she was fresher than a put on Mrs. White's dress, and a mile long, and she was a good drunk, and did not know what he was about. The court then took the case, and the prisoner said that she was tired, and the case was dealt on under her. Mr. Buchanan observed that it was a curious case, and as her further inquiry was needed, he should remand her for a week.

SINGULAR CHASE OF ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Ann Bennett, a decent-looking young woman, was placed at the bar charged with the following singular attempt to commit suicide.—Police-constable 114 M. said that about nine o'clock he was called into a chemist's shop in the Dover-road, where he saw the prisoner in a very bad state. She said she had taken poison and it was all over with her. The shopkeeper told him that she came into his shop a few minutes before, and told him that she was troubled with the toothache, and she requested him to give her a tooth-laudanum to allay the pain. Having some suspicion that she intended mischief, he gave her some harmless liquid instead of laudanum, which she seized up and swallowed, saying that she had taken some a few minutes before, and now that would do for her. Finding that she began to lose all strength, he sent for witnesses, who conveyed her to Guy's Hospital, when the stomach pump was used, and laudanum was ejected. They had to walk back about four miles for their horses, and she was then removed to the station-houses. Witness had since ascertained that the prisoner's father resided in Eiltham-street, but he had deserted her, and refused to admit her into his house. Her sister was in court, and could give some explanation to his worship. The sister, a very respectable-looking married woman, said she could not account for her at attempting to destroy herself, unless it was some quarrel with her father. Witness was unable to take care of her, as her husband was lying ill in the hospital, and she was obliged to go to the hospital to look after him. He said why she took it, as she had been drinking all day. The magistrate remanded her for a week, to enable the constable to make inquiries about her.

ANOTHER HIGHWAY ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE—A smart-looking young man, who gave the name of William Huron, was charged, by Mr. Elliott with being concerned in two others not in custody, in the commission of a violent assault and attempt at highway robbery. Mr. William Morris, an ironfounder, residing at No. 2 St. Mary's-square, Lambeth, who bore evident marks of the brutality of his assailants, said that on Sunday morning, about one o'clock, while proceeding along the Kennington-road on his way home, and in passing the Orphan Asylum wall he received from behind a violent blow under the right ear, which knocked him down and stunned him for the moment, and while on the ground he found himself being kicked in the most violent manner by three men who were armed with sticks. One of the three, who was one of the three, got in front of him, and drew his watch from his pocket, and, grasping it in his right hand, held it up to the light, and the other two, who were behind him, held up their hands to assist the prisoner's effort to get it away. He called out: "Police!" as loudly as he could, and fortunately one came up in time to prevent his being robbed or further hurt, for, on seeing the constables approach all three ran away. Mr. Elliott: Are you sure the prisoner is one of the three persons by whom you were attacked? Witness: Quite sure, sir, for I did not lose sight of him until he was taken by the policeman. Are you equally sure that he is the person who had attempted to take away your watch, &c. That he used great violence in endeavouring to do so? I am, your worship; and all the three men, in such a brutal manner that I am not able to describe it. Police constable: I am sorry to say that you did not get one on Sunday morning he was on duty near the St. George's station in the Kennington-road, and hearing the cry of the "Police" and "Stop thief," he was proceeding to the spot, when he saw the prisoner running to ward him, and he stopped and kept him until the last witness came up. The prosecutor at once charged the prisoner with being one of the three men who had struck him, and attempted to rob him, but he denied the charge, and made a violent attempt to escape, but he succeeded in getting him to the station-house. The prisoner denied the charge, and said he was merely going home when he was stopped by the three men, and a female witness refused to make the necessary statement in support of the prisoner, who is believed to be a well-known thief, and who had never answered to the request, the prisoner was remanded. A similar attempt at robbery was made about ten days ago near the same spot, and one of the three persons was apprehended, who was bound to be a returned transport, and who now stands committed for trial.

THE REVOLUTION IN GREECE.



GIBRALTAR.

THE GREEK REVOLUTION AND OUR MEDITERRANEAN POSSESSIONS.

After Gibraltar (a view of which is presented in page 30), which may be said to be the key of the Mediterranean, the Ionian Islands are perhaps our most important possessions in that sea. On several recent occasions the Greek population of those charming Isles have evinced an unmitigable desire to separate themselves from the protectorate of the British Crown, and become part and parcel of the Greek monarchy. The recent revolution in Greece has created considerable excitement in the Ionian Isles, and as much interest is at present attached to all that relates to Greece and its future Government and aspirations, we this week present the readers of the *Illustrated Weekly News* with a view of our most important Mediterranean possessions.

Gibraltar is a famous promontory, or rather peninsula, of Spain, rising from 1,200 to 1,400 feet above the level of the sea. It is seven or eight miles in length from north to south, and in the widest part not half a mile in breadth. Gibraltar is with reason considered impregnable. The fortresses are so abundantly supplied with cannon and ammunition, that at any given moment the soldiers can open a terrific fire on invaders. The entire length of this immense rock, on its east side, forms a natural wall of 1,400 feet high, at the base of which is the sea, and on its summit two, three, and four lines of fortifications and batteries, arranged one behind the other. Even during a time of peace, were a squadron to appear before Gibraltar with hostile intentions, it would be no sooner in sight than a permanent garrison of about 7,000 men would be ready to reply to the attack. It is equally protected on the land side. Among the number of batteries which command the accesses by land, are the famous subterranean galleries, scooped out of the solid rock, and which have earned so wide a reputation.

Gibraltar was taken by Ferdinand, King of Castile, from the Arabs, in 1302. In the year following, however, they retook it, but were in 1462 finally deprived of it by Henry IV. The upper wall of the Moorish castle, on the north side of the rock, has been suffered to remain to protect the town against artillery on the land-

ward side. The site of the lowest wall is occupied by the large battery, which was erected to protect the gate on the north; that of the second, or middle wall, is occupied by private warehouses. The German engineer Speckel, of Strasburg, in the time of Charles V substituted for the old Moorish fortifications works in the European style. During the war of the Spanish succession, however, the Spaniards were compelled to surrender this fortress (August 4th, 1704) to the British Admiral Rooke and Prince George of Darmstadt, then Imperial Field-Marshal and Viceroy of Catalonia, who unexpectedly appeared before the fortress in May of the same year. In 1704 Gibraltar was blockaded by land and by sea, but without any results till the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht in 1713. Since this latter date nothing has been omitted by Britain to render the fortress, which is the bulwark of the Mediterranean trade, absolutely impregnable. Spain left no means untried to obtain this place, but without success. Ultimately Spain agreed, by a compact at Seville in 1729, to renounce all its claims upon it. Still, nothing was omitted to prevent all entrance into the fortification and to separate it from the mainland, by constantly strengthening the lines of St. Roch and Algeiras. But it was easy to supply the inhabitants and garrison with provisions by sea, and of water there was no want, for a fresh spring flows from the rocks; the rain, too, forms collections of pure and sweet water in the cavities of the cliffs. Cows, sheep, and goats, find in this southern climate a constant supply of green food upon the rocks, and every spot of fertile soil is filled with wild and cultivated fruit trees. In the war which broke out between Britain and Spain in 1779, the final unsuccessful attempt was made for the recovery of Gibraltar.

The island of Corfu, a general view of which we give in our engraving, below, is situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Venice, in that part of the Mediterranean called the Ionian Sea. It is the first in rank, though not in size, of the seven islands composing the Ionian Republic, which, since the Congress of Vienna, are placed under the exclusive protection of Great Britain.

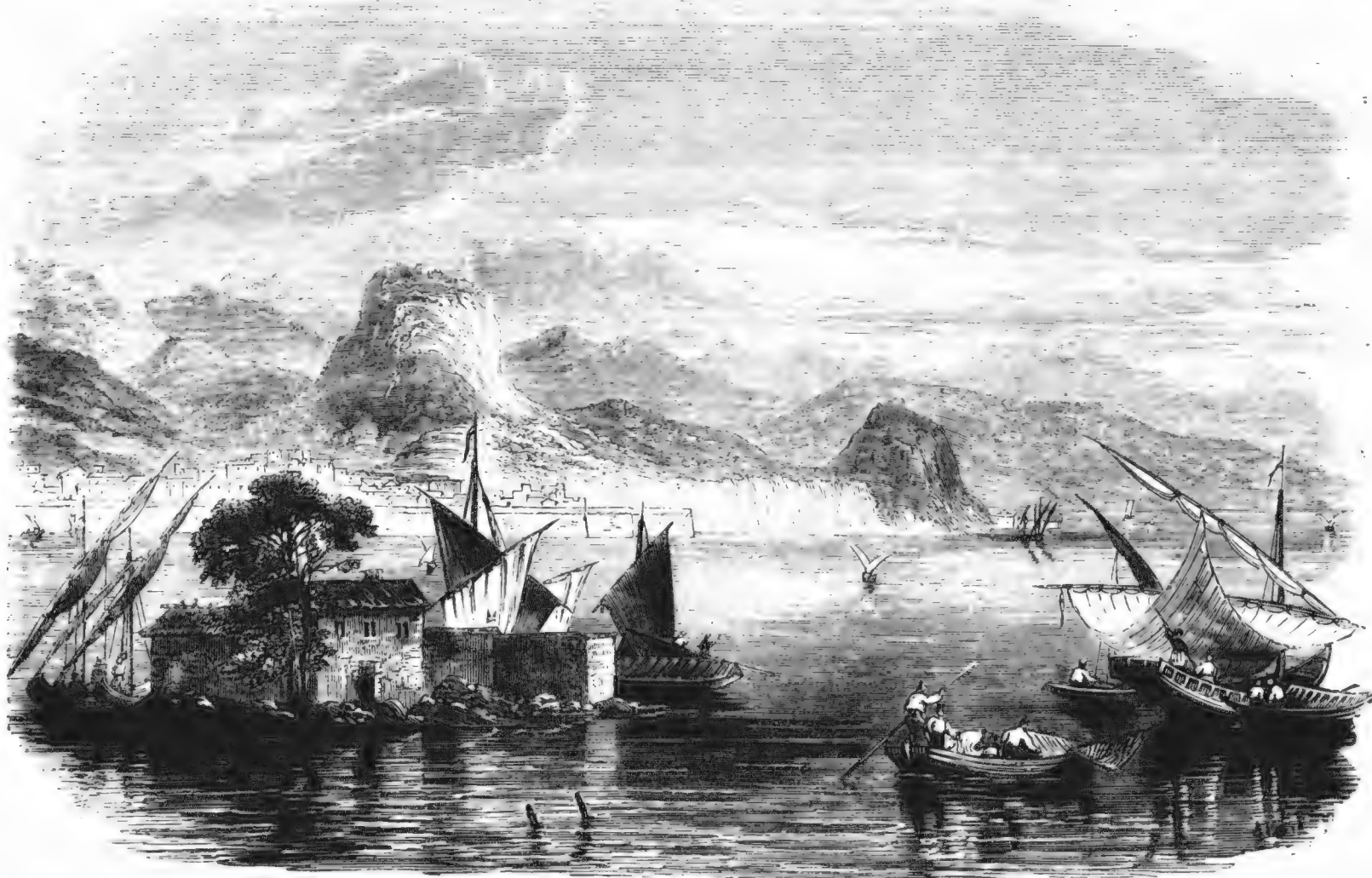
The medium length of the island of Corfu is forty-five miles its breadth, twenty-five; and its circumference, about 112. The climate is, as might be expected from its geographical situation, very mild, but liable to sudden transitions of temperature. It is also, in common with the neighbouring country of South Albania, from which it is only separated by a channel varying from two to six miles in width, subjected to earthquakes and pestilential diseases. The surface of the island is hilly, with only a few plains interspersed; yet the streams which traverse it are in general considerable. The inhabitants export considerable quantities of oil and salt, besides olives, oranges, lemons, honey, and wax; and many of those who dwell near the coast are supported by fishing.

In our engraving, the fortified city in the foreground represents the town of Corfu—the *Coreira* of the ancients—the capital of the island. It is situated on the east coast, and is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on the northern slope of a promontory, at the foot of which the port opens. It is neither large nor well built, but is extremely strong, having two citadels, the one the residence of the Governor, separated from the city by an esplanade; and the other called the Fort, lying a little further westward. The harbour is rather small, admitting only merchant vessels and sloops of war; but the road is capacious and very secure.

Mrs. M'LACHLAN, convicted of murder at Glasgow, has had her punishment mitigated from hanging to transportation for life.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—On Thursday week, at the first meeting for the season of the Linnean Society, Dr. Bowerbank, on behalf of the Linnean Club, presented the marble bust of Professor Thomas Bell to the society.

LORD ELGIN.—The *Dunfermline News* emphatically contradicts the rumour that Lord Elgin, through ill-health, was about to resign the Governor-Generalship of India, and adds that the Countess of Elgin has just left Broomhall, to proceed to India to join his lordship.



CORFU

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE week that terminated last Saturday realized the expectations of the Commissioners, as far as the number of visitors is concerned. There were in all upwards of 45,000, and as at least half of these have been purchasers, it is reasonable to suppose that the hopes of exhibitors have been gratified too. With few exceptions, every one seems to have done very well in the matter of sales, and what is far less usual, all appear quite willing to admit the fact. The most marked and the most important exception to this prosperity has, perhaps, been in the case of France. There is no concealing the fact that she has not fared nearly so well in the disposal of her goods as other foreign countries. The latter, as a rule, will take scarcely anything back from England, while of the whole stock of goods originally shown in the French Court a very large proportion, it is said, return to Paris, where they will certainly never realize the prices which were unhesitatingly demanded for them here. At the very outset of the Exhibition the exorbitant sums asked for even second-rate articles de Paris excited the surprise of Englishmen, who, though liberal to a fault in the terms on which they are willing to gratify such whims of taste, were yet perfectly well aware of the real value of the objects, and declined to buy them at South Kensington for some thirty-five per cent. more than they could be got in Piccadilly or Bond-street. With other articles of manufacture carried on in this country it was also seen that the English reproductions were quite as good and not nearly so costly; so that, as we have said from the very beginning, the French not unjustly got the reputation of asking much more for their things than they were worth. This has certainly been the opinion of our manufacturers and traders, and it appears to have been the opinion of the public too. Many have waited till these days of sale to make their bargains, in the natural belief that at the last the prices, if not moderate, would at least be reasonable; but no change has been made. Some few French manufacturers and exhibitors have done tolerably well, but, as a whole, our neighbours, in proportion to the extent of their display, have been less successful than any foreign country. The most fortunate in this commercial point of view has been Austria. Her display not only attracted great attention for its intrinsic merits, but equally so for the re-

markable moderation of the prices and the good faith kept with the purchasers in really giving them the articles they chose, an example by no means universally imitated either on the English or foreign side of the building. Thus Austria finds that at the close every single article she showed for sale has found a purchaser, and not only this, but the foundation of what promises to be a permanent trade in articles in which the Viennese excel has been laid with this country. One Vienna manufacturer alone has, it is stated, received orders for upwards of £10,000.

PROFESSOR PARTRIDGE ON THE HEALTH OF GARIBALDI.

A SURGICAL report on the wound of General Garibaldi has just been published by Professor Partridge. As already known to the public the tempestuous state of the weather prevented the professor from reaching Spezia till the day after the grand surgical consultation, which he does not regret, as he apparently thinks the multitude of counsellors then assembled did not contribute either to the safety or the comfort of the patient. On the day before the consultation M. Nelaon, of Paris, thought he detected the ball only an inch below the skin. At the consultation itself M. Porta, of Livia, thrust his little finger deeply and forcibly into the wound, and caused intense pain to the patient, but found no ball; on the day after the consultation Professor Partridge and Dr. Pirogoff, the chief of the Russian medical staff in the Crimea, though they did not venture to add to Garibaldi's tortures by a third probing, made a quiet, careful, and satisfactory examination of the wound, but failed to detect the presence of any hard substance. The Russian surgeon is inclined to think the ball is deeply seated among the bones of the foot; but Professor Partridge, though feeling it would be presumption to be positive in the face of such authorities, still inclines to his former opinion, that the ball is not lodged in the leg at all. But if it be there care and attention will enable the surgeons to extract it without amputation. In other respects the general's health is excellent. The pest of English sympathising visitors has been put an end to, and he has been removed to the dry and warm climate of Pisa.

AN ARISTOCRATIC DIVORCE CASE.

"AMONG the cases of more than usual interest that are about to occupy Sir Cresswell Cresswell," says the *Belfast Newsletter*, "is one that will be eagerly watched in the north of Ireland. The petitioner (the Hon. Mr. Chichester) is the son of a nobleman who holds a public office in connexion with a very important town in Ulster, and who is the heir presumptive to an ancient peerage. This gentleman was a short time ago co-respondent in a case in which one of her Majesty's consuls abroad presented a petition for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of his wife's adultery. The marriage was in process of time dissolved, and within a few weeks after the judgment of Sir Cresswell Cresswell had been delivered the respondent and the co-respondent were married on the Continent, where the latter had been sojourning for some time. It seems, however, that the lady, who had thus become twice a wife without having passed through the usual ordeal of widowhood, has proved unfaithful to her second vows. The petitioner alleges that she has committed adultery at Leamington and at Bath, and he prays that the court will annul his marriage on the ground that it was contracted before the three months then allowed by law for an appeal, or that, failing on that point, the marriage may be dissolved on the ground of adultery. The case presents some curious features of interest for the public generally, and especially for the jurist, as it is the first instance since the establishment of the Court of Divorce in which a respondent and a co-respondent to a petition for dissolution of marriage, having repaired their error as far as they could by marrying each other, have again appealed to the court to separate them on the ground of infidelity during such married state. It also raises the question as to whether a marriage contracted before the expiration of the three months allowed for appeal is valid."

A TOWN-FULL OF PRINCES.—This winter Nice is to be the resort of a colony of princes; amongst others are mentioned the names of the Kings of Wurtemberg, of Belgium, and of Bavaria; the Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, &c.



THE BLOOD SPOT IN THE FORECASTLE OF THE HAUNTED BRIG.

Literature.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE HAUNTED BRIG.

THE story I am about to tell, though it may seem as stiff a yarn as ever was "told to the marines," or spun off the reel round the galley fire, has, nevertheless, a basis of actual fact about it, sufficiently so as to establish the truth of the more material circumstances which will presently be related.

I had it *viva voce* from a mahogany-faced old ship's carpenter, with a beak like an eagle's, and with eyes in which good humour and a love of liquor predominated. He had knocked about most quarters of the world in his time, before settling himself quietly down for life as a shipwright in the growing port of Liverpool.

Poor old Jack Lloyd, boozey and garrulous withal, may the earth lie lightly upon thee! I loved thee well, and spent many a pleasant hour in listening to thy queer yarns, some of which I confess occasionally staggered my credulity.

Before, however, commencing the "tough yarn" to follow, the following—as gathered from conjecture, and from the confession of a criminal who, with half a dozen others, were hung at New York for piracy—will be necessary as an introduction to my, or rather, to Jack Lloyd's, story.

One morning, a small, low schooner, with enormous spars and vast breadth of canvas, was seen stealing along the southern coast of Florida,

rounding Cape Sable, and making possibly for Oyster Bay, on certain purposes of her own.

The schooner, which answered to the hail of the "White Squall,"—a fanciful epithet enough it may be granted—was an "honest" vessel; that is, she was not a pirate, a picaroon, or a slaver, though some peculiarities of look and build might induce a belief of that kind.

After a time, careening up gracefully to the wind, she lay to, and while the cook was in the galley getting the men's cocoa ready for the morning meal, a group of men in the fore-castle, with darkly anxious looks, and with sinister whisperings passing between them, were evidently at the crisis of some ripening design, for one said:—

"It's all settled, then, and we must stand or fall by one another. Boy!"—here he hailed a young lad on the deck, who looked below in answer to the summons—"boy, go aft, and ask the captain to come forward, seeing as how the Portagee here is ill and like to slip his moorings; though, mayhap, he may doctor him up afore he slips his wind."

There was, in fact, a Portuguese seaman lying ill in one of the bunks, and the boy taking the message aft, the captain with kindly willingness came at once, and descended into the fore-castle with a "What cheer, eh, my lad?—what cheer, Silva, eh?"

He was crossing the fore-castle, and when his foot was close to the midship stanchion, a blow from a murderer's hatchet clove his head in two, and he fell like an ox, a mangled heap on the planking.

It might be imagined that the White Squall began her piratical cruise at once after this fell instance of cold murder was over. Such was not the case. The captain had a large amount of money in his cabin, as was well known, for the

purposes of trading. This the murderers at once shared among themselves, saving a small portion of the crew, who, in ignorance of the evil purpose thus accomplished, had taken neither act nor part in the matter.

A British cruiser came inopportunistly in sight, and whatever purpose the ringleaders of the atrocity had in view was thus frustrated. They took to the boats at once, and pulled for their very lives to the mainland, where for a time they managed to elude pursuit by plunging into the recesses of the Great Dismal Swamp, and there encountering dangers and privations, which in their horrible severity might almost amount to an atonement of their inexpiable and atrocious crime.

With these, therefore, we have no more to do. The few yet left on board the schooner, taking counsel together, made what sail they could, and signalling the cruiser, stood out to sea towards where the story they told with all the frightful evidences of the past yet before their eyes, created both horror and indignation, natural enough under the circumstances.

The captain of the cruiser ordered out his armed boats in pursuit of the fugitives, while due respect was paid to the body of the murdered captain, the chaplain reading the solemn prayers for the dead over him, as, stitched in his hammock, it was plunged into the sea,—a sailor's burial and a seaman's grave.

The boats returned after a fruitless pursuit, and placing an officer and a few men on board to navigate her, the White Squall was taken to an American port, where she had sailed from, and where the British officer communicating with the Consul, having thus fulfilled his mission, took away his men and rejoined his ship once more.

So much, therefore, for the opening; and now we will give old Jack Lloyd's yarn of the "haunted

schooner" as nearly in his own graphic words as possible.

"I was hanging about Port Royal one day," said Jack, "as down in the mouth as a cur kicked out of a kitchen, with the devil a dollar about me, my chest in the hands of a crimp, all in the dol-drum, backing and filling, d'y'e see, for my spree was at an end, and I hadn't a messmate within hail, and was looking out for any craft bound to any port, for I wanted to top my boom and leave the cursed place, where I had been drugged and robbed by as villainous a set of land-sharks as ever hoisted tavern sign as a flag at the fore peak."

"Lord, how dismal I was to be sure!"—(Jack, be it known, had a smoking goblet of old Jamaica by his hand while speaking, out of which he took occasional satisfactory sips, while using his pipe to give point to his narrative, and now and then puffing vigorously to keep it alight.)—"how dismal I was, to be sure. All ahead a fog bank, all astern what I didn't care to look at or think of; and so leaving against an old stock, and looking among the shipping in the harbour for the likeliest one to my fancy—for, d'y'e see, like a true sea-dog I had my likings and my dislikings, and loved a neat, taut craft just as you, yourself" (meaning me), "would love your sweetheart."

"She was a black brig, long and low in the water, with a deck flush from stem to stern, and masts and spars, my eye! fit for a gun brig or a small frigate; and with such a rake aft in them, that, says I to myself, says I, 'You're a clipper, you are, and all that's about you means go ahead, or I know nothing of ships or salt water.'"

"She was a clinker built, an advantage you lolly boys don't know anything about, and the reach of her sails from lee to weather-ear, as they were neatly and whitely furled on her long

black yards, was enough to surprise even me, who have seen craft of every kind in every sea.

"That's the stuff to cut out a suit of shops for me," I say to myself, as I saw that a bit of welf was lying at her masthead, signifying that she wanted hands; and to make a long story short, before long I had slipped on board the clipper brig *White Squall*, Captain Jonas Frannon, master, and bound to the *Bray* and South America on a trading voyage. In three days we were out at sea, heading along at the rate of ten knots an hour, and being on a favourable point of sailing, the pilot craft was showing what she could do, while the skipper was showing how he could handle her.

"For the first week or so, everything went on smoothly and happily. The brig was a beauty, her accommodations ample, and our berth forward of the most comfortable kind, while our provisions and grub were not to be carpied at by the biggest grumbler afloat.

"Then, however, wind set in, and a gale heavy set in, that we were obliged to take in our courses and close reef the topsails, and the brig, usually so manageable, rolled, and wallowed, and plunged, that she would scarcely answer her helm at all, and the good fellowship that had prevailed forward among us became changed into early discontent, till full truck, a handy foretop-man, and the best fellow going, swore that the 'devil had got aboard!' and, sure enough, it turned out that he had really hit upon the truth.

"A strange spirit had by this time entered the men, making us all gloomy and sullen, and not unaccompanied by a vague fear—at least, I found myself so affected; and now I never went down into the fore-cabin but I shuddered as if there was some dreadful thing there, neither to be heard nor seen, but not less certain, I felt that, and can tell you that my maidland suffered a severe jam, and shame be to me, I was dumb.

"There are no better class of men to be found than sailors, and I never knew one to be so cowardly. But then, d'ye see, they are superstitious by habit, and by the nature of their profession, as I take it. It's all very well for a landsman to laugh at 'Davy Jones,' but a sailor who jests on such a matter only tries to tide with his own secret terror. I say, *frank*, d'ye mind me; for he can't do it in reality; I defy the greatest dare-devil of 'em all to do it!

"So that, by and by, we began to spin yarns in undertones of plagues and murders, of ghosts and haunted houses, of desolate 'Keys,' small sterile islands in the main, where men were put on shore to starve, to die, and rot, while their spirits floated about, shrieking to passing ships; and the jolly fore-cabin itself became a regular 'bugy-shops,' where big-whiskered fellows quaked like children, and were all afraid of being left alone.

"One day—for an unaccountable reason—a calm came on us in the very midst of a gale, as it were, that left the brig like a log on the sea, and the burning sun of the tropics shone through the st m-clo ds right over head.

"What queer rig is this? I asked myself, as I looked at it; and all at once there came a crash from the fore-top that rang through the vessel.

"Fore-top, there!" hailed the mate; "what's gone wrong?"

"Fore-yards carried away in the slings," replied a seaman from aloft.

"Fore yard carried away in the slings!" repeated the mate in amazement. I was stunned too, you may be sure. Why, d—n it, the yard was new slung in port. I think the devil's fairly aboard the brig!"

"And so he was," pursued old Lloyd, his glass "shooting" at each successive puff; "but that was not the matter just now, for the hands were turned up to make it secure, and as we set too with a will, why, that job was soon over; and not a moment too soon, for the gale broke out again with fresh fury, and the brig, though battling bravely with the wind, was fairly driven out of her course.

"The men were all on deck as evening came on, sheltering under the bulwarks, and under the lee of the bulwarks, when, having occasion to go below into the fore-cabin to get some tobacco from my chest, I went below, and in no longer was I there alone, than a trembling came over me, and I looked toward the floor by the light of the lamp, I saw there what I had never met before, and which quite riveted my gaze.

"With a crawling, shuddering, horror I took down the lamp hanging at the beam above; and stooping down there, it was soaked into the white timber floor of the fore-cabin, a hideous splash, as if something liquid had fallen from above, and splattered itself in small rays.

"It was red—red as blood. It was a spot of human blood. I did not require to be told by any one, for I knew at once it was a murder's oil.

"And this then must explain the secret of the haunted brig.

"That night I told my shipmates what I had seen, and pointed to the spot itself, glowing red in the light; and as they looked at each other with white faces, each admitted to the other that he had never seen it before, and of course he was didn't know how to account for it."

"What to do we know not, save to tell the mate and get him to tell the captain; but when the next morning came, and the *White Squall* lay rolling on her course again, we one and all shrunk from saying a word, and as we were nearing port, were ashamed to confess our terrors.

"During the afternoon, the brig going large, Tom Cox, a big brawny fellow, had to go below, and it made our blood run cold to hear, a minute after, an awful shriek, and noise of a man struggling, and next to see the sailor rush on deck, his face pale with horror, and holding his hands to his throat.

"Take—these hands—away!" he yelled out—"take them away—his choking me!"

"There was a deadly noise, by him, with him—yet he lay rolling on the deck, now black with choking, and as I live, there were the marks of finger on his throat.

"This was a clencher—a stopper over all. None of us, I warrant you, went below that night, but lay about the deck as we could.

"When Tom came too, he told us that no sooner had he got below, than something flew at his throat—something he could not see; and that two invisible hands were tightening on his throat with the force of a Spanish garrote.

"There were the finger marks to prove that he told the truth, whatever we might think.

"The horrors of our situation thickened, and we had no doubt in the world but that the brig was fairly haunted, or that the devil was really on board.

"Towards evening, after five bells or so, there used to be seen at various parts of the ship a vague, shadowy form, which had a shape that none of us could describe, or which all described differently; and the *White Squall* was becoming a perfect hell to us, but we were nearing port, and at length, thank heaven, we entered it.

"What became of my mates, I don't know, but I know what I did—I cut and run; and from Rio Janeiro I shipped on board a Yankee that was on her way to Carolina for rice, and believed that I had lost sight of the *White Squall* for ever.

"I was mistaken, though.

"We had made for Nagasaki, and the Southern Cross was brilliant in the sky, when, after a week's sail, we saw on our lee-beam a brig with all her bearings on, her stern-stairs set square, sails all full, and going large in our own direction.

"Fast a sailer as I knew her to be, our craft came up to her; and we hailed, but received no reply. She never veered a point in her steering; and when she came on her deck, with a stout wind came upon her, our skipper said, 'They're keeping a check watch on board that brig—when the boat there, and see where the crew are keeping watch before she tumbles overboard; and away we pulled, my elf among the m'n, eager to see what had become of those on board the *White Squall*—as I had made the name on her stern—and to ascertain whether the devil or the ghost had quit her, or were still following their old ghastly plank aboard.

"We mounted her side—receiving no answer to our hail, and found everything trim and a-tant, but not a living soul on the decks. But about the deck we found every seaman's kit which I had known scattered about—the old skipper's swabbed coat choking the companion-way—the galley-fire going out, and the cocoa all adrift among the ashes.

"The men's chests were in the fore-cabin, and the captain's baggage in his cabin all right, and the log-book open on the cabin side-table; but not a living soul was to be seen above or below, in cabin, bunk, standing bed-place, steward's pantry, the fore-cabin, or the hold.

"Everything aloft and aloft was a-tant, ropes coiled away, or belayed in ship-shape style, and beyond the litter of jackets and cloths here and there the decks were clean and clear—and she was holding on her way without turning a rope-yarn.

"Did you see the spot of blood on the floor of the fore-cabin?" I asked the narrator.

"Old Jack Lloyd dropped his voice as he replied, 'No, I went down purposely to look, but there was not a vestige of it left. I have seen the *White Squall*, but she is no longer the 'haunted brig' that she was in former years; but,' he added, 'strange enough to say, nobody ever knew what became of the skipper or his crew from that day to this.'

BE HEEDFUL IN COMPANY. If we go into company, we should take with us our full portion of good-will or good-humour. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasiness, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our associates. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender of our friends than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them.

WALKING. Walking is not only the most natural, but the most healthful of exercises. Almost the first independent act of life is walking. When the child first totters across the room on his little legs, he makes his first declaration of independence, and a new phase of life dawns upon him. Henceforth, all around him assumes a new relation, and forbidden things must be kept out of his reach, or the faint of curiosities inherited from the "first pair" will manifest itself in a mischievous, if not an evil way. He pushes his investigations into every nook and corner, and gradually strays beyond the threshold to explore unknown realms. Soon his sphere is found all too narrow for him, and he walks forth into the world and begins in earnest the journey and battles of life. At first, walking was an experiment, a new sensation and a pleasure to him, and, when tired, he could sit down at will, and rest his weary limbs. Now, walking has become a serious, if not a painful duty, and he is often compelled to keep moving when every muscle is tired and every joint is sore. He devises way and means—steamboats and railroads, mails and telegraphs—to alleviate the necessity for so much walking. But still he does not escape—he must walk for exercise, and he must walk from point to point, however short the distance, whether his time be devoted to business or pleasure. He grows old and stiff, rheumatic and gouty, and still he must walk, and most miserable is he if he cannot walk. And now, near the sunset of life's weary day, he drags heavily and painfully along, tottering as he did when he made his first effort in pedestrianism; but unlike then—laughing and shouting, with his face flushed with the enthusiasm of triumph—he now goes sad and grumbling, sighing for the end of what in the beginning filled him with so much joy and hope. Finally, he walks to his bed for the last time, the limbs grow motionless and cold, the chest ceases heaving, and the rolling and flashing eye becomes still and faded. His walking is done! And now, as his mother in his infancy took him up and carried him to his cradle when he had fallen asleep over his toys, un sympathising neighbours carry him to the common cradle of all mortality, and, ere long, the ceaseless world goes walking thoughtlessly over his scattered ashes.

TIBBENHAM HALL.

"An old, old monastery, once, and now
Still older mansion."

There is a solitary place in Norfolk called Tibbenham Long Row, the manor house of which was, till it is not now, known by the name of the Hall; this building underwent some alteration not very many years since, the reasons for which will appear in the course of my narrative. Reader, I shall not inform thee whether or no I am an ardent door of apparitional relations, because to say that I do believe such histories were merely to deny myself the possession of that common sense which present etiquette subscribes as the *minimum* *tonum* for every member of this sceptical world; whereas to deny point blank that such things are, were most uncivilly to impugn the veracity of many a respectable ghost-seer whose word on all ordinary occasions I should most indubitably take. This premised, I recommence my story.

Some few years since, Tibbenham Hall became the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Meadows, who were certainly not greatly rejoiced at the habitation assigned them by fate, because it had long lain under the evil report of being haunted; and nobody likes to live in a haunted house since, if not troubled by the dead it is by the machinations of the living for we may remark *ex post facto*, that no house gains an ill name without some foundation for it. Tibbenham Hall indeed might well be named an imputation of this kind, since never did mansion appear more fitted for the abode of turbulent departed spirits. I had originally been a nunsery, and still contained relics of monastic life; some of the cells of the nuns remained their successors' places of penance, and many of its rooms in the burial-ground of the dilapidated church; human bones too, were frequently found in the garden where, it was reported, that a ghostly sister of the Ursulines, and a shadowy brother of the Cistercians, were wont on certain nights of the year, to wander side by side, with mournful looks, and in sad silence. We are to suppose that at the dissolution of the monasteries in England, Tibbenham nunsery suffered; and from the days of Henry VIII. it may be considered the hall of the manor, and the abode of its lords. At the period, however, "when each house was a fortress," Tibbenham Hall was remodelled, moated, buttressed and battlemented according to the fashion of the times, and the allowances of that architecture (the perpendicular English), then in vogue, and then chiefly used in alterations and additions, and not only in this state it remained when it became the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Meadows. Upon their arrival, "I am very glad you are come, ma'am," said the woman to Mrs. M. who had been employed in preparing the hall for its new inhabitants; "we had a fine time of it to be sure; be pleased to walk this way;" and she led the lady into the kitchen, exclaiming, as she pointed to a brick in the pavement, much spotted and splashed (as were several that surrounded it), "I've scrubbed and scrubbed, and scoured 'em all over every day since here 've been and they won't come clean! Good reason for why? that's on 'em is the blood of the poor gentleman as was killed there by his brother, for, ma'am, two brothers, years ago, lived here; 'nights they were called, who quarrelled, 'tis said, about a lady, and folks say that some of them were killed, and that the *harmour* in the 'oft' belongs to the gentlemen. Excuse me, ma'am, but I thought you'd like to know."

All this was literally true, and our new residents at the Hall found in one of the attics some suits of armour, thin, brittle, and black with age and damp; some sword cuts in one of these seemed to give fatal confirmation to the char-woman's tale. The Hall, however, was peaceable enough for about three or four months, and its new tenants gladly remarked that the report of its being haunted originated in vulgar prejudices or the malice of some one who did not wish well to its owner. One night between new and old Christmas both Mr. and Mrs. Meadows were awakened by a sound at their bed's head, resembling a sack of straw thrown violently against the wainscot of the adjoining apartment, and its contents rolling about it in all directions. Next night, at about the same hour, the same thing occurred, when Mr. M. arose, lighted a taper, and proceeded to examine the chamber, where was nothing to be seen nor was a thing out of its place. This uncommon and mysterious sound frequently, at particular seasons, occurred; but its cause was never discovered, and at length (if I remember rightly) Mr. and Mrs. Meadows changed their abode. Not long after this, Mrs. M. being severely ill, was lying awake one night, listening to the mellifluous murmur of her nurse, perhaps gazing at the ornamental panellings of the room, or perhaps at the many millioned antique window, when, by the dull red light of the fire, she was aware that a stranger, a female, stood at the foot of her bed (the curtains there not having been closed), and looked intently upon her. The figure was tall and slender; very pale; her countenance, though melancholy, not unpleasing; and her age apparently about thirty; her costume was that of other days; a mob cap, large full ruff and stiff muslin handkerchief, a faded gown of rich flowered silk or brocade, a thin white apron richly worked, and high-heeled shoes, which, however, were not observed till the apparition, having gazed for about three minutes upon the invalid, guided off to a certain part of the chamber, there seemed to enter the wall, and disappeared! Mrs. M. awoke, greatly alarmed, woke her nurse, and they watched together for the remainder of the night; but on recounting the story to her spouse, he treated it as a mere nervous hallucination, the effect, perhaps, of illness; and, however, promised to keep awake on the ensuing night; and being faithful to her word, had the satisfaction of seeing "the *thing*," who came suddenly, and went as she had done before. The good woman rose, hastened to the point at which the apparition instantly vanished, and upon examination she discovered that this part of the wall was, in fact, the door of a closet, which had been nailed up. The propriety

of opening it, of course, occurred to Mrs. Meadows; and her curiosity, not negating her proposition, it was forthwith unnailed; but in it was found nothing, save a box of M.S. written in various hands, but so defaced by time and damp, and mingled so heterogeneously, that it was impossible to say exactly to what subject they referred; for some passages, however, that, on a diligent and laborious examination of these (to moderns) unsightly scrawls appeared in connexion, Mr. and Mrs. M. were enabled to surmise that these letters had passed between the lady and the knights then residents at Tibbenham Hall; that she, being the wife of one of them, permitted the addresses of his brother; and that those dark, sad scenes of guilt and misery, over which Time has drawn a veil, thereupon ensued, which ended in the murder of one, or both, of the wretched culprits by the hands of the justly-censured husband! Mr. Meadows immediately burnt the box, writings, and suits of armour; pulled down the disturbed wing of the mansion, much of the remains of the nunsery, filled up the moat, and having completed his alterations and improvements, had the satisfaction, finally, of dwelling safely and quietly at all hours, in the once dreaded and haunted Tibbenham Hall!

This story I have thought worthy of preservation, because it is, in its leading circumstances, literally a matter of fact, as far as I durst assume such in deeds to be fact; and it may serve (when beside the glowing fire, superhuman themes engage the attention of horror-loving and horror-struck youths) to amuse many, instead of descending to the tomb of the Capulets with the village gossips of a secluded spot in Norfolk.

THE BLIND WOMAN.

It shows, it shows, that on the pavement still
She kneels and prays, nor lifts her head;
Beneath these steps through which the blast blows
A thrill.
Shivering she kneels, and waits her bread.
Hither each morn she creeps her weary way,
Winter and summer there she lies,
Blind in the wretched creature! well-a-day!
Ah! give the blind one charity!
Ah! once for different did that form appear:
That sunken cheek, that colour wan,
The pride of the proud theatres, to hear
Her voice, enrapt and there she lies,
In smiles of tears before her beauty's shrine,
Which of us has not bowed the knee to—
Who owns it to her charity some dream divine?
Ah! give the blind one charity!
How oft when from the crowded spectacle,
Homeward her rapid courses flew;
Adoring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,
And loud huzzas her path pursue.
To hand her from the glittering car, that bore
Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,
How many rivals thronged around her door—
Ah! give the blind one charity!
When all the arts to her homage paid,
How splendid was her gay abode;
What mirrors, marbles, bronzes, were displayed,
Tributes by love on love bestowed;
How duly did the muse her banners gild,
Faithful to her prosperity;
In every palace will the swallow build!—
Ah! give the poor one charity!
But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;
Her eyes are quenched, her voice is gone,
And here forlorn and poor, for twenty years,
The blind one kneels and begs alone.
Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend?
What hand more liberal, frank, and free,
Than that she scarcely ventures to extend?—
Ah! give the poor one charity!
Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,
And every limb grows stiff with cold;
That rosy once woke her smile, which now
Her frozen fingers hardly hold.
If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart
By pity still sustain'd may be,
Lest even her faith in heaven itself depart,
Ah! give the blind one charity.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

ONE can never be the judge of another's grief. That which is a sorrow to one, to another is joy. Let us not dispute with any one concerning the reality of their sufferings; it is with sorrows as with countries—each man has his own!

CONJUGAL SINCERITY.—Some modern writers advise men to praise their wives, because it costs nothing and will make them happy! Now, we do not believe a wife was the author of such an idea; if she was she was a very shallow and foolish wife. Praise, merely as praise, is a downright insult, and cannot fail to disgust, if it does not offend, any sensible woman. There is an old adage which says, that "praise to the face is open disgrace," and the adage is right. An acknowledgment of the real merits of another, however, is quite a different thing, and should be made as readily as the receipt is given for money received. It is but justice to acknowledge the mental and moral claims of others as well as their worldly ones. But mere praise, which is flattery, shows that either you are a fool or suppose the one on whom you bestow it is one. In either case, it is no compliment to your own good sense and is insulting to the object of it. Then why should a man so belittle himself and degrade his wife as to praise her with the idea of pleasing her? It appears to us that the relation of husband and wife implies a confidence and respect that forbid all insincerity and deceit for any purpose whatever. While it imposes charity and forbearance, it also makes it a duty to gently correct the faults as well as commend the virtues of each other. Those whose intimacy is not close enough to admit of frankness and honesty on both sides are either unfortunately mismatched, or else should strive to get better acquainted. There are many unhappy unions simply because the parties are strangers to each other in soul when they marry, and circumstances and education prevent their ever getting thoroughly acquainted. We say to all husbands, be candid and upright in everything, and strive to get as well acquainted with your wives as possible. You cannot make them happy, nor be happy yourselves, until you do.

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N.B.—All music sent post-free at half-price.

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by Mr. T. Young. An advanced Class every Monday. Quarterly
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WATERPROOF TWEEDS and MELTONS,
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Bacon is now in excellent case, and Butters in perfection at reason-
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